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EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. RUSSELL OF MASSACHUSETTS.



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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1896.

## THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

WITH the sudden death of ex-Governor William E. Russell of Massachusetts a picturesque and remarkable figure has passed from the stage of public life. Young as he was—he died at thirty-nine—he looked even younger than he was, and all who saw him could understand why he was known as the "Boy Governor." His comparative youth was not the only striking feature of his political career. Although a Democrat, he was three times elected Governor of Massachusetts, a strongly Republican State. Moreover, in his appointments to office, in his messages and other discussions of public topics, he evinced the sobriety and judgment which are usually associated with advanced years. He was the choice of his State and of several other States for President, and, had the gold Democrats controlled the recent National Convention of their party at Chicago, he might have been a conspicuous candidate for the Presidency.

The selection of young men for high political functions was more common a century ago than it is now. Napoleon Bonaparte was but thirty-one when he became First Consul, and virtually the master of France. His great political opponent, William Pitt, was made Prime Minister at the age of twenty-four. Thomas Jefferson was but thirty-three years old when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and Alexander Hamilton was only thirty-two when he accepted the post of Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's first Cabinet. Henry Clay was a United States Senator at the age of twenty-nine, and Speaker of the House of Representatives at the age of thirty-four. John C. Breckenridge was but thirty-four when he was elected Vice-President of the United States, and but thirty-eight when he was nominated for President by the slaveholding section of the Democratic party. Tried by the standards of earlier days, there was nothing remarkable in the fact that William Eustis Russell, who had graduated from Harvard in 1877 and been admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1880, should have been nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the Democratic State Convention of 1888, when he was thirty-one years

old. In that year he, like Mr. Cleveland, was defeated, and his second nomination in the following year was also unsuccessful; but the unexpectedly large vote polled by him on both occasions seemed to prove that he was stronger than his party, so that he was again nominated in 1890, and this time was elected Governor. To appreciate this triumph, repeated as it was in the two following years, one should bear in mind that, since the organization of the Federal Government under the Constitution, Massachusetts has been an anti-Democratic State. With the exception of a brief interval, when Elbridge Gerry was Governor, it remained Federalist as long as the Federalist party existed, and, indeed, after it had perished in the greater part of the Union. In the realignment of parties under Jackson on the one hand and Clay on the other, Massachusetts ranged herself firmly on the Whig side and chose Whig Governors with one exception, when, namely, Edward Everett was beaten by his Democratic competitor by one vote, up to the time when Whig ascendancy was shaken by the growth of Free Soil sentiment. From the thorough organization of the Republican party in 1856, Massachusetts became one of its strongholds, and, from that day until 1890, all of its Chief Magistrates had been Republicans, with the exception of Governor Gaston, who was elected for one term, and of Governor B. F. Butler, who himself had been a zealous and conspicuous Republican for many years. We can see, therefore, what a task it was which young William Russell undertook, and which he thrice accomplished.

The character of the Massachusetts electorate has been materially changed since William E. Russell was born in 1857. The Irish factor in the population of Boston and other large cities has become much larger, if not actually preponderant. In the manufacturing centers are scores of thousands of French-Canadians, and many farms, formerly abandoned, have passed into French-Canadian hands. It is well known that Russell was heartily liked by his Irish fellow-citizens, but to what extent he commended himself to French-Canadian voters we are unable to say. It is easy to recognize, on the other hand, by virtue of what qualities he would elicit the good-will and confidence of men of native New England stock. He was himself the modernized and up-to-date descendant of a long line of Puritan ancestors. There are few names more conspicuous or more respected than that of Russell in the annals of the Plymouth Colony or of Massachusetts Bay. Perhaps the fact that he was born, and continued to live, not in Boston, but in Cambridge, explains a trait which keenly gratified the masses of the people, and recalled the pre-Revolutionary epoch, when the most distinguished and affluent landowner in a township was glad to preside at a town meeting, or officiate as Selectman, and proud to represent his fellow-townsmen in the General Court. In the Boston of our day, we have been told, a Harvard graduate is apt to turn up his nose at the idea of filling a municipal office; but, when William Russell entered politics, he literally began at the beginning, becoming first a Common Councilman, and then an Alderman in the suburban city of Cambridge, of which, at the age of twenty-eight, he was elected Mayor. The sturdiness and impartiality with which he discharged the duties of the latter office—duties rendered peculiarly onerous by a railroad strike and by a heated controversy between pro-License men and Prohibitionists—not only aroused the admiration of his coevals, but challenged the esteem and respect of the elder part of the community, who saw in him a survival of a type less familiar than it was in the early days of the Republic. "when, to be citizen rang Roman yet." It was, indeed, to the elders of the Massachusetts community, the men of consular age, to whom

young Russell seemed by preference to address himself from the platform, for he was, at such times, sedate and earnest, argumentative rather than rhetorical. He was no platform storyteller; he applied himself to convincing, and left to others the task of entertaining and amusing the auditors. In this respect he resembled Henry Clay, who, genial as he could be at a barbecue or a chance-gathering, was always serious upon the stump. In familiar intercourse with his constituents, Russell was as genial as Clay. He was naturally warm-hearted, and had the happy faculty of taking an unaffected interest in every human being with whom he was brought in contact. Such a man naturally believes in handshaking and turns it to account, and it was said of Russell that the man whose hand he shook remained evermore convinced that Russell had come to town especially to see him.

While in his public discourses and official acts, Russell, perhaps conscious that his youth might expose him to misconception, avoided even the semblance of immaturity, inadventure and frivolity, and thus secured the trust of men of weight, sobriety and foresight, he could not, of course, divest himself of the magnetic charm of young and energetic manhood. His lightness of heart revealed itself delightfully in hours of ease, and the buoyancy of his spirit bore him up amid defeats. His was a cheerful and sunny nature, which radiated sympathy and warmed indifference into friendship. What bound young men to him with hooks of steel was the fact that, in spite of the gravity and thoroughness with which he gave himself to public business, he could not disguise the fact that he was one of them. Not only in his looks, but in his walk, his ways, his bearing, he was refreshingly young. To the last, he entered with avidity and zest into the recreations of youth. He belonged to an athletic generation which believes in physical exercise as a hygienic agency and a joy. Beseated as he was throughout his public career with political cares or official responsibilities, he continued the life to which he had been accustomed in his college days, giving considerable time to riding, rowing, shooting and tennis-playing, and making it a point to do them well. No man could be more dignified upon the right occasion; but, even when Governor, he loved to lay dignity aside, and gather the poor children of Cambridge into his barn to make them happy with Christmas gifts, or to sally forth with the students at Harvard, or to mess with the soldiers of the militia, of which he was Commander-in-Chief.

It was characteristic of ex-Governor William E. Russell that his sudden and lamented death should have occurred at a little village on the Bay of Chaleur, whither he had gone to indulge in the exciting sport of salmon fishing. It was characteristic, also, of the confidence reposed in him by men of parts and eminence, that his last public appearance should have been made in Chicago, when he was put forward by the champions of gold to answer Senator Tillman's harangue, in a Convention which was to give the nomination for the presidency to a man even younger than himself.

## SIR JOHN PENDER.

THE recent death of Sir John Pender in England removes a figure that was for many years prominently identified with great public works not only in his own country but in all parts of the globe. He was for many years associated with the promotion of submarine telegraphy, and it was in a great measure due to his enterprise and faith in the practicability of laying a submarine wire between England and America that the capital required to lay the Atlantic cable of 1866 was subscribed. It is stated that the cable mileage of the submarine telegraph companies over which he presided at the time of his death amounts to 73,460 miles.



# OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

It seems to me that if ever a man deserved the sympathy of his fellow-citizens it is Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. What it matters to any one besides himself and his family whether his son marries or does not marry a certain young woman, I, for one, can't conceive. Mr. Vanderbilt is a rich man and, apart from his riches, a great man. Like all men really great, he is simplicity personified, and as for Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, no one could be less ostentatious. If they were otherwise—if, as many do, they enjoyed publicity—there, as you say in France, would be a different guitar. But they hate it. And every one who respects them in the manner in which they deserve to be respected hates it for them. It is like listening at the keyhole, and joining of your own free will in servant-girls' gossip, to read the accounts which the press provides. Supposing that the young woman in question does happen to be a few years the senior of Mr. Vanderbilt's son? supposing that in the event of a marriage it be true that he will be cut off with fifteen hundred dollars a year, whose business is it?—that of the contracting parties and that of their immediate families, but it is not the business of any one else. In private life Mr. Vanderbilt, however much of a public man he may be elsewhere, is a private individual. He is not the head of a dynasty, he is not President of the United States, and it is more than trespass, more than violation of domicile, to discuss his family matters in print. How would you like your own written up, and that closet with its skeletons, too?

Speaking of things matrimonial, what do you think of the thirty-five thousand illegal Kansas divorces? The statistics of the effect of legal divorces in this country are, while in course of compilation, as yet incomplete; but an authority states that in Germany insanity is ten times as frequent among divorced people of either sex as among either the married or the single. In other European countries a like disproportion between the suicides of those divorced and those who have never dissolved the marriage tie points to the serious effect upon the mental organization of a violation of the Scriptural law of marriage. History teaches that divorce is disastrous to a nation for the reason that the family and its stability are the foundation-stones of the State. In addition, divorces not alone wreck the home, but sometimes wreck the intellect. Human affections are profoundly mysterious; the ties that association weave are enigmatic realities; and when, through caprice, folly or sin, they are trampled on, it is nature that punishes and the killing of love becomes the killing of reason. When legal divorce will do that, what do you suppose will be the consequences of the discovery that of the almost numberless divorces granted in Kansas only a fraction will hold? The prospect is not very enviable for those who went there married, came back free and married again.

In the Faubourg Saint Germain, a mythical region which may be translated Parisian Mayfair, great interest has of late been manifested in the engagement of a Baltimore girl, Miss Bonaparte, to the Graf Adam von Moltke-Huitfeldt, son of the Danish Minister to Paris. The *Figaro* of recent date says:

"We still have present in our memories the young American women who in the days of the Second Empire were the joy of the Tuileries and the idols of the French gentlemen. The tradition is continued under the Third Republic, during which so many American girls have married princes."

"So many" is good. The only French prince with an American wife is the Prince de Poix. The Princesse de Chimay, who is astoundingly beautiful and fabulously rich, is a Canadian, and, what is more, De Chimay is a Belgian. Plenty of Russian princes and Italian princes have married our countrywomen, but the title of prince in Russia is about as common as squire in England—means little more, too—and as for the Italian princes, they are a drug. Every other man a girl is apt to meet in Milan,

Florence, Rome or Naples is a prince when he doesn't happen to be a duke. The majority are of good family, too, yet of them there are only a few that are mediæval—the Borghese, for instance, the Colonnas and the Cenci; though, if I may mention myself in such exalted company, I not long ago ran into a chap over there whose name was a fascination—Cesare Borgia—and who had come right straight down in the directest line from the splendid wickedness with which in history his ancestors are associated. The multiplicity of titles in Russia is due to the Emperor Paul; in a drunken fit one night he ordered every hereditary title, save those appertaining to the Imperial family, abolished and had the documents relating to them destroyed. His successor restored the titles; but, as the original grants were no longer in existence, everybody who happened to be energetic and ambitious could put in a claim. But there is another reason; though a prince have twenty sons, they are all princes; all those sons' sons are princes, too. In Italy titles go with real estate; you become there Duke della Luna Bianca as under a similar order of things here you might become Baron of No. 192 East Two Hundred and Tenth Street.

But in France princes are not common; dukes, though easier, are not plentiful enough to supply the demand. It is counts and viscounts that are the main staple there.

As the *Figaro* said, under the Second Empire a number of young American women were the joy of the Tuileries, and I can't think of any one who was better liked than Miss Beckwith.

"What is your first name?" Napoleon III. asked her when she was presented.

"Helen," she answered.

"I wish I were Paris then," said the Emperor.

"But, sire," exclaimed Miss Beckwith, "you are France!"

All this, however, is a digression. Let us get back to Baltimore. Miss Bonaparte, who was born there, is an attractive young gentlewoman of large wealth. Her father is the grandson of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, who, as every one is aware, married Miss Patterson. Prince Napoleon—Plon Plon to the ladies—did what he could to have the marriage declared morganatic and illegal, but blood is as blue in Maryland as it ever was in Corsica; imperial bees don't make imperial ancestry, and the French tribunals refused.

Miss Bonaparte's betrothed, Count von Moltke-Huitfeldt, is not of the same family as the taciturn German Field Marshal; he is a Dane, and if you are fond of Nesselrode puddings you will like him all the better for being a descendant of the Chancellor after whom the dish was named.

On the staff of the *Commercial Advertiser* there is a gentleman who turns out editorials in the best French style, bright, alert, unpedantic, yet learned. I have not the honor of his acquaintance, and for all I know to the contrary the excellent copy may be the work not of a gentleman but of a gentlewoman. Of the writer, then, I know nothing, but the point which I wish to convey is that he does not know me. In a recent editorial he spoke of Cooper's novels, of their recognized charm, their equally recognized popularity, and branched off on what he termed "the brilliant degenerates—Edgar Saltus, Zola, and Thomas Hardy." Now I don't object to being classed with my betters. Zola is a giant who stands with his head in the sky and his feet in the mud; to produce a masterpiece Mr. Hardy needs only to remember to forget. I do not, therefore, object in any way to being classed with them, and if they are degenerate I hope my ghost, returning, will find that term in my epitaph. That to which I take exception is the misuse of the word. No one, the prurient and the student excepted, reads Rabelais to-day, but I don't need to tell you that Rabelais created French, as Dante created Italian, as Luther created German. Rabelais was a generator, not a degenerate, and by the same token so is Zola, and so is Hardy. Their works are no more suited to young people than are works on pathology; but out of them one of these days will issue the secret of fiction, the art of detaining the evanescent for the use of historians to be. The contemporary success of each is due to the fact that both recognized that high roads are sterile. It is not, then, to the classification to which I except, for in it I get more than I deserve; it is to the misuse of the

term. Gautier used to say there are a hundred different ways of expressing a given idea, there is only one which is exact. Let me suggest to the gentleman on the *Commercial* that in future he differentiate between degenerate and generator.

An entertaining book is Robert Louis Stevenson's recently published "Vailima Letters," which, extending from November, 1890, to October, 1894, were written to Mr. Sidney Colvin, a gentleman well known in Mayfair and one of the managers of the British Museum. These letters are not alone a book of travel, they are the record of the literary life of one who was recognized as a master workman. Stevenson had never before kept up a regular correspondence. Like other writers, he hated ink, and the charm of these letters consists in the fact that they read more like notes from a diary than attempts to be witty. But the description which they offer of Samoan manners, their feasts, their sports, are admirable, and, it is idle to add, the best we have. The passage in which he draws a contrast between himself and the Samoan whom he is instructing is worth quoting:

"The Polynesian loves gayety—I feed him with decimals the mariner's compass, derivations, grammar and the like, delecting myself, after the manner of my race, *moult tristement*. I suck my paws; I live for my dexterities and by my accomplishments; even my clumsinesses are my joy—my woodcuts, my stumbling on the pipe, this surveying even—and even weeding the sensitive, anything to do with the mind, with the eye, with the hand—with a part of *me*. In these ways diversion flows for the Polynesian. But gayety is what these children want; to sit in a crowd, tell stories and pass jests, to hear one another laugh and scamper with the girls. It's good fun, too, I believe, but not for R. L. S. *afat*, 40. For I am now past forty, and if ever gay, which I misremember, gay no more."

Nonetheless had Stevenson his moments of outward gayety at least, and these letters record them, now as host, now "doing the affable celebrity life-size" in Appia, now as guest at the feasts of the native King. And yet his life was, essentially, a sad one.

"I was only happy once! that was at Thyeres; it came to an end from a variety of reasons—decline of health, change of place, increase of money, age with his stealing steps. Since then, as before then, I know not what it means. But I know pleasure still, pleasure with a thousand faces, and none perfect, a thousand tongues all broken, a thousand hands, and all of them with scratching nails."

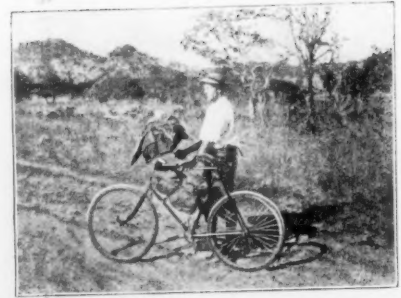
He was an invalid, as you may remember, and through all the years of his wanderings in the South Seas was the sorrow of exile. But he knew that Vaca was to be his tomb, the knowledge delighted him, and he died, as he had hoped to die, far from the commonplace.

Goethe asked for more light; what would he have thought of the new luminant which, if all accounts be true, will run gas and electricity very hard, both of which were unknown to him. For its production no machinery is required save that contained in a portable lamp, which generates its own gas. The substance employed is at present a secret. The cost is less than that of gas and the light it gives is whiter than that of electricity. I hear that as soon as the rights are secured it will be put on sale. As the apparatus is as portable as a candlestick, and is clean and odorless besides, if it serve no other use it will be just the thing for those that bibe at night.

Speaking of bikes, I suggested recently that out of the bicycle the flying machine would come, and with it perhaps the dream of interplanetary communication. It has been the effects of rarity of atmosphere, and of the absence of it when certain altitudes are reached, which hitherto have made that dream chimerical. Now we have "bottled breath," compressed oxygen, which you take through a tube and which has enabled Dr. Berion to reach an altitude of thirty-two thousand feet, and would have enabled him to go higher had he not had trouble with his balloon and been obliged to return. But ballooning otherwise permitting, think of the possibilities of it, the sequestration of space and the power to see the earth "spin like a fretful midge."



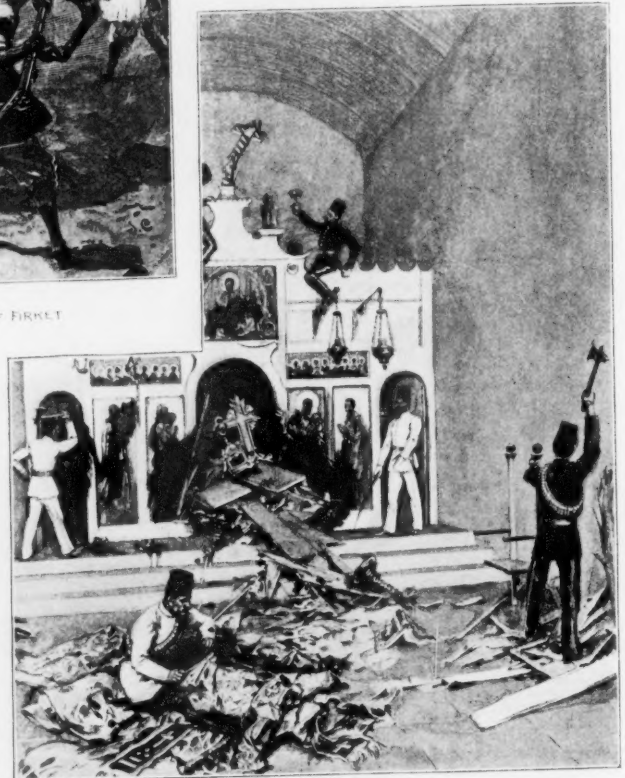
A CHARGE OF EGYPTIAN LANCERS AT THE BATTLE OF FIKRET



CYCLING FROM JOHANNESBURG TO BULWYNH 800 MILES



DEATH OF A PRISONER IDENTIFYING AN OLD ENEMY AFTER THE BATTLE OF FIKRET



THE TROUBLE IN CRETE: TURKISH TROOPS DESACRATING A CHURCH AT GALATA



THE COUNT AND COUNTESS DE CASTELLANES SOIREE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE



THE RECEPTION OF THE HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS IN LONDON



## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

## A SKETCH.

Extracts from *Monsieur de Pradt's Memoir of his Embassy at Warsaw, 1812.*

BY LADY BLOOMFIELD.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE has vanished from the scene, but has become a personage whose life and acts belong to the domain of history, therefore the evidence of one who knew him personally and served under him, must command a particular interest, and a few details from M. de Pradt's memoir of his Embassy to Warsaw are well worth bringing to the notice of our readers. During the time that he was intimately associated with the Emperor he was always particularly struck by the want of judgment in this strange and remarkable man! Napoleon often misunderstood himself, but he was oftener misunderstood. How often he was spoken of as a sort of supernatural being, raised above all human weaknesses, and by his physical and moral faculties superior to all other men! M. de Pradt spent ten years with Napoleon—he wished to draw near the man who, like Caesar or Alexander, stirred the universe, and to approach the persons who changed the face of the world. He observed the Emperor with attention, and regretted the silence and want of observation in those who surrounded him, which has caused a loss to history. Those who lived with him were either dazzled or fascinated, for often clever and distinguished men left the council chamber, where Napoleon had really only gossiped for five or six hours, imbued with the most exalted ideas of the superiority of his genius. It is strange but true that both in France and abroad people never spoke with sangfroid of Napoleon. The moral influence which he exercised over Europe as well as France exceeded his political power. Rome never swore per genium Caesar as Europe swore by Napoleon.

Fate ordained that M. de Pradt should be an eye-witness of the three great events of Napoleon's career: viz., the war in Spain, the affairs of the Pope and the war in Russia. This last event, which broke down the wall of partition between the quarter of a century that preceded it and the year that followed, appeared so historically interesting that M. de Pradt determined to enlighten posterity as to the facts which caused so great a revolution. The world ought to know how affairs were managed and how the great Colossus fell, before whom the world trembled.

As to Napoleon's character, nothing can be added to the words of him who declared that he was the Incarnation of Revolution.

As to his mind, or what is generally called his genius, if nothing has been more celebrated, nothing was ever less understood. To some people it appeared immeasurable, to others non-existent. Some considered it sublime, others almost ridiculous, and even now, when the meteor has disappeared, men are not agreed, so difficult is it to judge impartially of times, circumstances and the reasons that form the appreciation of character.

Napoleon's mind was great, but quite oriental. By a natural instinct he always turned his eyes toward the East. His mind was like his purse, its strings were held by magnificent liberality on the one side, and penuriousness on the other. His genius, made to play different parts on the stage of the world, was represented by an Imperial mantle over the attire of a Harlequin!

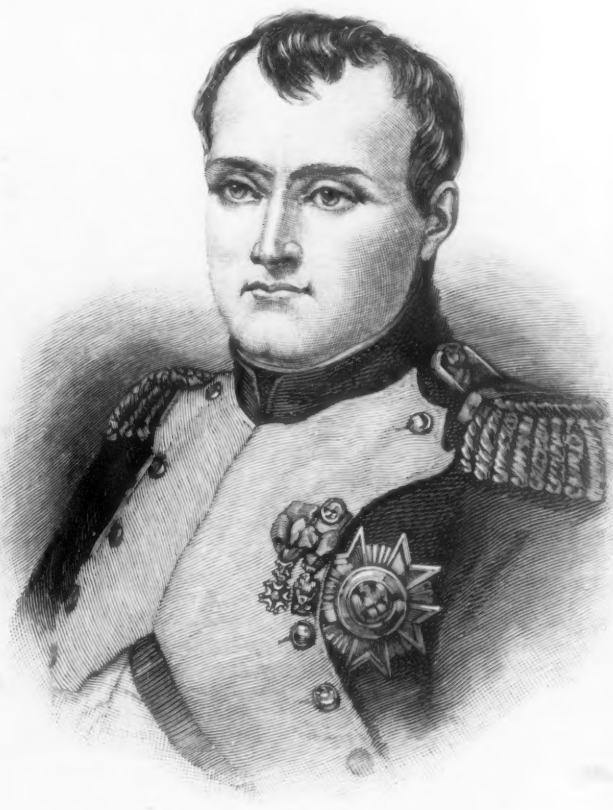
He was a man of extremes—who having ordered the Alps to be made plain, the sea to approach or leave his shores at his bidding, ended by delivering himself up to a British man of war!

Endowed with a marvelous sagacity, seizing or creating the points in all questions which were either new or unperceived by others, abounding in lively and picturesque figures of speech, or animated and pithy expressions which

even the inaccuracy of his language made the more striking: sophist and subtle, he never argued except on his own ground, which he defended whether right or wrong, whether true or false, with the precision of a geometer.

His errors were innumerable, and although he often deceived, he more often deceived himself. Hence his dislike for truth, which he despised not so much as being true as being incompatible with what appeared to him desirable; illusion thus eclipsed truth, and he repelled less as opposition than as imbecility all that thwarted him, and expressions of disdain and contempt were continually in his mouth. He had a different point of sight from other men. If to these qualities are united the inebriety of success, the habit of quaffing from an enchanted cup, of being elated with the incense of the world at large, one can better understand the character of the man, who, uniting caprice and eccentricity to all that is most elevated, as well as to all that is worst in mortals, most magnificent in sovereignty, most peremptory in command, to what is most ignoble and even cowardly, this character represents a species of Jupiter, such as had not hitherto appeared in the world.

Napoleon was insane at times—not from de-



NAPOLEON.

rangement of his mental faculties, but from that irregularity of ideas which results from bombast and exaggeration, by which everything is magnified and a man is always spending without ever counting the cost. By which, in short, from having always conquered difficulties he imagines they always will be conquered, or rather that all obstacles will disappear. The obsequiousness with which Napoleon had always been obeyed had ended by persuading him that his duty was simply to command, and that the desired result would inevitably follow. He had only to order his ministers to execute. The steps which led to Napoleon's acts of folly began about the time of the battle of Wagram, and his marriage to Marie Louise, when, his reason no longer guiding him, he abandoned himself to the exaggeration which disorganized France, and ended by bringing him to ruin. The Emperor was singularly uneducated; the very nature of his active speculative mind never allowed him to acquire real knowledge. He dreamed, spoke or signed treaties, but never read. His loquacity extended to all subjects, but he never investigated any. It was sufficient to see the Emperor glance over any book or document to have some idea of his power of appropriating it. The pages flew under his fingers, his eyes ran over each one, and in a very short time the work was thrown away with contempt, and general expressions of disdain:

"There is nothing but folly in that work! It was written by an Idealist, a radical, or (worst of all) a Jansenist."

This last epithet was the maximum of abuse! His head always elevated, always directing his steps toward Empire, from that attitude he pretended to see the world from a bird's-eye view; or when he deigned to tread the earth, it was with giant's steps; but it is not thus that men learn. At best it is only a way of seeing things superficially, or rather not seeing them at all. The Emperor never knew either the men or the affairs of his country. He pushed them forward or dragged them after him, but he did not realize them.

One must have lived with him, above all, traveled with him, to have the least idea of the amount of his ignorance with regard to men, which was sometimes laughable, but of the greatest importance with regard to events.

The Emperor always followed his own ideas . . . a kind of chase which nothing deterred him from; nothing else even existed for him, therefore every government agent who happened not to be immediately under his immediate notice was practically independent, under the most rigid despotism, and consequently could commit the greatest acts of folly with impunity, while on the contrary he might do the greatest good unobserved and unappreciated. Two things only found a way of approach to the Emperor—fear or flattery. He could not bear talent or advice. He often exclaimed in a fury: "Advise me! advise!" and it was the absence of good advice which at last proved fatal to him. What honest man could read, without pain, the insolent articles in the *Moniteur*, which Napoleon made for so many years the pillory to which he sent Kings and Ministers; every man, in short, bold enough to contradict him. It was also the mouthpiece of his great conceptions, his low abuse, and thundering menaces—on whose pages for ten long years were printed in large letters the decrees which ordained the dethronement of any ruler who dared to buy one yard of English stuff, the upsetting of any government which allowed itself any points of contact with a people cut off, by his single authority, from all the rest of Europe, while he himself gave three hundred licenses to permit traffic with England!

But let us return to our subject. The important question arises, who was the actual author of the war with Russia? Public opinion often attributes it to Napoleon, but his partisans and agents did all in their power to persuade the world that Russia herself was the cause of this great quarrel, and that the Emperor Napoleon only attacked in self-defense! His dream from his youth upward was dominion, ever increasing power, the agitation of states and political catastrophes. Machiavelli was his sole instructor. He used to say: "Gibbon is a fool, Machiavelli is the only book worth studying."

Shortly after his return from Savona in 1811, M. de Pradt attended Napoleon's levee, on which occasion the Emperor said to him: "In five years I shall be master of the world; only Russia remains, and I shall crush her." Continuing his conversation, he said: "Paris shall reach to St. Cloud; I shall build fifteen men-of-war a year; I shall not launch one till I have one hundred and fifty; I shall then be master of the sea, as I am of the land; then commerce will depend on me, and I shall export millions."

On this occasion one of the audience answered Napoleon when he said he should have two hundred ships of war to oppose England: "Well—she would in that case have six hundred!" This remark was answered by a look of ineffable scorn: his usual reply to any one who opposed him. But arrogance was not exclusively Napoleon's; it was inherent in all the members of his family. Joseph, Jerome, Louis, the Grand Duchess, surnamed the Semiramis of Lucca, all participated equally in the fancy of being possessors of a throne, and were ambitious of the honor of sovereignty. There was

not one member of that extraordinary family that did not believe itself predestined to reign, and who did not consider their privation of a throne as the violation of all right human and divine, and themselves indispensable to the happiness of peoples.

The Emperor's policy was to mislead. The *Moniteur*, that living expositor of his plans, celebrated for a length of time as the highest conception of the greatest genius the world ever saw the notion that there was only to be two great Powers, France and Russia, who were to make the lesser powers in Europe buffers to bear the blows their rapprochement would expose them to. A great war against Russia, which was to make her an Eastern power, was the germ in the mind of the Emperor which only awaited a fitting opportunity to develop. Russia was to be cut off from all participation in the affairs of Europe, and, because Virgil had said: "Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos," the England of our day was to be considered excluded from the Continent. This the *Moniteur* repeated a thousand times.

Who is child enough nowadays to believe that it was the Emperor Alexander, the personification of gentleness and loyalty, who would attack the Emperor Napoleon, the personification of violence and perfidy. During the winter of 1811 to 1812 Paris resounded with the preparations of war against Russia; sometimes it was rumored that the expedition was intended against Gibraltar, sometimes for the coast of Africa, to intercept the passage to the Mediterranean. So to deceive Russia ridiculous reports were circulated about imaginary colonization, and Prince Kourakin was bamboozled till the Duc de Bassano left Paris without warning and without even giving the Ambassador his tardy passports.

Only two days before Napoleon left for Poland, all his household having been dispatched, he was furious because the Minister of the Interior countermanded some deputations on account of his approaching departure. The Emperor said: "Ah! and who dares to say I am leaving! Who has the right to judge whether I go or not? I am master of my servants, and my horses I do with them what I will."

Napoleon could not endure a quiet life at Paris, and in 1806 he said to his courtiers: "All your wise men are fools, your women . . . I am bored to death here—I must have a war," and so it came to pass that he attacked Prussia.

The Emperor arrived at Dresden, where he occupied an apartment in the palace; a crowd of princes attended his levees, waited on the arbiters of their fate. One day the Prince of Neufchâtel, who had had an audience with Prince Metternich regarding the exchange of Galicia for Illyria, told Napoleon that Metternich made difficulties. Napoleon, with a sardonic expression, said: "Oh! he makes difficulties, does he? He pretends to diplomate with me! That is too good a joke. It is just an instance of human weakness, that any man should venture to dispute with me!" Nebuchadnezzar, the superb, was indeed a model of humility in comparison with a man so imbued with his own self-esteem!

Sunday, the 23d of May, Napoleon sent for M. de Pradt, and gave him his letters of credence as Ambassador at Warsaw. On that occasion he said: "Go, I am making a trial of you—you may be sure I do not send you to Warsaw to say Masses. You must keep up a great state. Look after the women, that is essential in Poland. . . . As to me, I am going to thrash the Russians. I shall have done so before the end of September!"

He had not quite decided then to whom he should give the kingdom of Poland. As to Prussia, her fate was not doubtful. She was to be completely despoiled. Napoleon always spoke of her with the utmost contempt.

The Emperor informed M. de Pradt of the advent of the Pope at Fontainebleau, assigning as a reason for this the arrival of some English vessels off Savona—he added: "I go to Moscow. One or two battles will settle the matter. Alexander will fall on his knees. I shall burn Tula and the Russians will disarm. Moscow is the heart of the Empire. Moreover I shall fight with the blood of the Poles. I shall leave fifty thousand Frenchmen in Poland. Denmark will be a second Gibraltar, and I shall subsidize the Poles with fifty millions; they want money, I am rich enough for that. Without Russia the continental system is a mistake. Spain has

cost me very dear; without her I should now be the master of Europe. When all this is accomplished my son will only have to keep it, he need not be very clever to do that." It might be said, with regard to Napoleon's sojourn in Dresden: "Même aux pieds des autels que je ferais fumer. J'offrais tout à ce dieu."

Napoleon was the god of Dresden, the king of kings. All eyes were turned on him, and around him assembled all the royal guests, who had hastened to the Saxon Court. Strangers, military men, courtiers flocked there; couriers crossed each other from all quarters, crowds rushed to the Palace at Napoleon's slightest move, pressing round him, staring at him with an air of admiration and astonishment. Expectation of coming events was depicted on all faces—confidence on the one side, anxiety on the other; and this picture presents the most striking proof of Napoleon's power. Probably this was the zenith of his glory, it could not be surpassed!

When M. de Pradt arrived at Warsaw the scene changes. No employé or ecclesiastic was paid. They suffered cruelly. That year six years of plenty had been succeeded by one of famine, and when the French army arrived, instead of abundance, they found an utter want of provisions. Princess Alexander Potocka, the daughter-in-law of Stanislas Potocki, a very clever woman, and the mother of six children, told M. de Pradt that of six hundred thousand acres which she had in Lithuania nothing remained to her but the earth and the sky! all the rest had vanished. One day an order came from Wilna that two great commissariats of bread and meat were to be formed at Modlin, but not a penny was forthcoming, and after contracting for them with an infinity of trouble, the news arrived that other arrangements had been made and they were not required. At last the army reached Moscow. Every one imagined that the end had come, but all mad joy fled with the smoke of that terrible fire!

Then came the passage of the Beresina, and the rout of the French army.

One day the door of M. de Pradt's apartment was suddenly opened. He was occupied in writing a dispatch, and a tall man entered, leaning on the arm of one of the secretaries of Embassy. "Come," said he, "follow me." A handkerchief enveloped his head, his face was buried in a large fur cloak, his gait was impeded by heavy fur boots—he looked like a specter. "Ah! Coulaïncourt," said M. de Pradt, "it is you. Where is the Emperor?" "At the Hotel d'Angleterre. He is expecting you." "Why did he not go to the Palace?" "He did not wish to be recognized." "Have you all you require?" "Give us some Burgundy and some Malaga." "My house—my cellar, all is yours; but where are you going?" "To Paris." "And the army?" "It exists no longer," he said, lifting his eyes to heaven. "But what about the report of the victory at the Beresina and the six thousand prisoners taken by the Duc de Bassano?" "We crossed, a few hundred men escaped, and we have other things to think about than looking after them!" Then, taking him by the arm, M. de Pradt said: "But, Duke, it is time to think about them, and let all true servants of the Emperor unite to let him know the truth." "What nonsense!" Coulaïncourt answered. "At least have nothing to reproach myself with. Come, let us go, the Emperor awaits us."

M. de Pradt rushed out and reached the Hotel d'Angleterre; it was half-past one P.M. A Polish sentinel mounted guard at the door. The landlord examined him for a moment, then let him pass. A small carriage was in the courtyard, placed upon a sledge made with four pieces of pine wood. It was broken. Two more open sledges conveyed the General Lefebvre Desnouettes, with another officer, the Mameluke Rustan and a footman.

These were all that remained of all that grandeur and magnificence! It seemed like the shroud carried before the funeral cortege of the great Mogul!

The door of a small low room was opened mysteriously. Rustan recognized M. de Pradt and ushered him in. Dinner was being prepared. The Duc de Vicence entered to announce M. de Pradt to the Emperor. The room was bitterly cold, the shutters half closed, the better to keep up his incognito. A wretched Polish slut was blowing up a miserable fire of damp wood, which, resisting her efforts, filled the grate more with water than the apartment with warmth. This spectacle of the degra-

dation of human greatness contrasted with the splendors of Dresden was appalling. M. de Pradt had not seen the Emperor since that time. As usual, he was walking up and down the room. He had come on foot from the bridge of Praga to the Hotel d'Angleterre. He was wrapped in a superb fur pelisse, covered with some green material and fine gold lace, he had a sort of fur hood on his head, and his boots were wrapped in fur. "Ah! Ambassador," he said, laughing.

M. de Pradt approached him with that eagerness of manner that deep feeling alone can give, and which can be the only excuse for a subject addressing his sovereign. "You are well? You have caused me much anxiety, sire, but at least here you are, and I am rejoiced to see you." All this passed in a moment and with a voice which ought to have revealed M. de Pradt's true feelings, but the unhappy man perceived them not. The next moment M. de Pradt helped him to take off his pelisse; then, with all the respect due to all sovereigns, but particularly to a prince of his temperament, he returned to his part of Ambassador and drew a picture of the state of the Grand Duchy which was not brilliant, for only that morning the news had arrived of an action on the Bug, near Krislau, in which two battalions of new recruits had thrown down their arms, after the first round; also, that of two thousand five hundred horses belonging to that same troop, eight hundred had been lost through want of care, and five thousand Russians were marching on Zamock. M. de Pradt spoke of the great distress in Poland, which the Emperor resented, saying: "Who ruined it?" M. de Pradt answered all that it has done for the last six years. The famine of last year and the continental system which destroyed trade. At these words the Emperor's eyes kindled, and he said: "Where are the Russians?" M. de Pradt answered he did not know. "And the Austrians?" They had not been heard of for a fortnight. . . .

The Emperor then said: "Ten thousand Polish Cossacks must be raised—a lance and a horse for each will suffice to check the Russians." M. de Pradt discussed the idea; saying he thought nothing would be of any use but a regularly organized army, well paid and well equipped. This displeased the Emperor, and when M. de Pradt complained that it was a pity to employ men without either talent or conduct, the Emperor exclaimed: "Where does one find men of talent?" The interview had lasted about a quarter of an hour when M. de Pradt took his leave, but returned after dinner with some of the Ministers. The Emperor addressed them in the following words: "How long have I been at Warsaw? a week? No! two hours!" Then laughing, and without further preamble, he said: "There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." On the Ministers expressing their pleasure at seeing him safe after so many dangers—"Dangers," said he, "none at all! I live by excitement—the more I am worried, the better I am. Only idle kings fatten in their indolence, I fatten on horseback and in camp. From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step." Then he added: "Bah! the army is superb, I have a hundred and twenty thousand men. I always beat the Russians. They dared not resist me. There are no soldiers like those at Friedland and Eylau. I shall go and raise three hundred thousand men and hold Wilna. Success will render the Russians audacious; I shall fight two or three more battles, and in six months I shall be again on the Niemen! All that has occurred is a trifle! They tried to cut me off at the Beresina, but . . . I had good troops and cannon, and I laughed at that fool of a Russian Admiral (he could never pronounce his name), the position was splendid, fifteen hundred acres of bog and a river," he repeated this several times, then said: "At Marengo I was beaten, till six o'clock in the evening, the next day I was the master of Italy. At Essling I should have been master of Austria, but how could I help the Danube rising sixteen feet in a night? Without that the Austrian monarchy was at an end—but . . . it was ordained in heaven that I was to espouse an Austrian Archduchess." Then, with an air of gayety: "In the same way I cannot help the frost in Russia. They come and tell me that I lost ten thousand horses in one night, well! . . . bon voyage! Our Normandy horses are less tough than the Russian—they cannot resist even nine degrees of cold. The same with the men; look at the Bavarians, there is not one



left. Perhaps I shall be told I stayed on too long at Moscow. That may be, but I expected to make peace. The weather was fine—the 5th of October I sent Lauriston to parley—I thought of going to St. Petersburg—I had plenty of time in Southern Russia, I could have spent the winter at Smolensk. Wilna will hold out—I left the king of Naples there. Ah! ah! it is a grand political scene, who dares nothing, wins nothing. From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step."

"Who ever could have dreamed of Moscow being burned? Now that is attributed to us, but it was the Russians themselves who did it . . . . It was worthy of Rome. . . ." Then he wandered off to the idea of the levy of that body of Cossacks which was to arrest the Russian army, before which three hundred thousand Frenchmen had succumbed.

The conversation lasted for about three hours. The fire had gone out. The Emperor heated himself with talking and never perceived it. The Ministers respectfully offered him their best wishes for his health. His last words were: "I never felt better." Then he mounted the humble sledge, which carried away Caesar and . . . disappeared. A violent lurch nearly upset the sledge as it passed through the gates of the courtyard.

### WESTERN MEN OF MARK.

BY WILLIS S. THOMPSON.

THE story of Henry R. Wolcott and that of his brother, Edward O., can best be told together. Sons of a New England clergyman, with no more of this world's goods than usually falls to the lot of New England clergymen, they both had their own way to make in the world. Henry R. Wolcott received an academic education, and in 1869 came to Colorado, where he engaged in mining. The following year he was appointed assistant manager of the Boston & Colorado Smelting Works, an important position for a young man of twenty-four. Meantime the younger brother, who was born in 1848, was securing an education, the greater portion of the expense of which was borne by his brother Henry. Graduating from the Harvard Law School, after taking the academic course at Yale, in 1871, he immediately came to Colorado, and under the direction of his brother established himself at Georgetown. In 1873 he was appointed by J. B. Belford, then Judge of the Territorial Court, District Attorney, and upon the incoming of Colorado to the Union was elected to the same position.

In 1878 both brothers were elected members of the State Senate, Edward from Clear Creek and Henry from Gilpin County. In the Senate both distinguished themselves for the activity and intelligence with which they conducted their parts in the legislative work allotted them.

In 1879, upon the election of Hon. N. P. Hill, manager of the Boston & Colorado Smelting Works, to the United States Senate, Henry was promoted to the management of these great works, one of the first instances on record in which a young man had, practically unaided, advanced himself to such a responsible position at the age of thirty-three. H. R. Wolcott held the position of manager of the smelting works until 1889, when, having acquired large and important private interests, he retired, and since that time has been entirely occupied with his private business. In 1882 his name was presented to the Republican State Convention for the gubernatorial nomination, and he suffered defeat rather through the imprudence of some of his friends than from the wish of the Republican party, which was very largely favorable to his aspirations. Since then he has practically eschewed politics.

Edward O. Wolcott has for twenty years been an important factor in the politics of Colorado. His ambition took wing early, and no flight was too high or too long for it to attempt. In 1880, when but thirty-two, he aspired to the Congressional nomination of his party. Defeated on that occasion, he discarded this stepping stone to his ambition, and immediately commenced laying plans for his election to the United States Senate. Eight years later his efforts were crowned with success, and the aspiring and brilliant young man found himself in almost absolute control of the Republican party of Colorado. In the session of 1889 he was elected for a full term in the Senate and

re-elected in 1895, his term expiring on March 4, 1901. A seat in the United States Senate, however, has not entirely filled the ambition of the junior Senator from Colorado. Had Blaine been nominated for President in 1892, it was on the cards that E. O. Wolcott should have the nomination for Vice-President, and though the programme might not have been carried out, it would not have been defeated until after a most determined effort. Similarly at the St. Louis Convention in certain contingencies Mr. Wolcott's name would have been presented for indorsement as the candidate for the second place. Senator Wolcott is brilliant and aggressive in debate, and his career in the Senate has been marked by several sharp tilts against some of the conventionalities of that body which have given him a national reputation.

The wealth of the brothers runs into the millions, and has all been made in mining, though the methods of the two men are different. Henry is the thrifty member of the firm, while the Senator is in mining, as he is at the faro table or on the race track, a thoroughbred plunger. Years ago, when only a struggling young District Attorney in a mining camp of four or five hundred people, he came to Denver, started in on a game of faro, and after a two or three days' session found his money, clothes and watch gone, and himself in pawn for twenty thousand dollars, which his brother paid. As attorney for the Rio Grande Railroad he receives fifty thousand dollars per annum, but if he had depended on his salary he would have been in debt. His record on the race-course since his election to the Senate is public property. In his mining operations, therefore, he is governed largely by similar methods, and, in his earlier investments, by his brother Henry's money.

Another element in his success was his association with J. F. Sanders, the present National



HENRY R. WOLCOTT,  
Who accumulated wealth by using  
good judgment in mining.

EDWARD O. WOLCOTT,  
United States Senator and mine  
operator.

Republican Committeeman for Colorado, whose start in life was over the green cloth. Jake is a good fellow, and while an all-round sport, is a shrewd mining operator and has a keen nose for a good thing. He had the experience, Ed had the courage, and Henry always had the money, and between the three the result was generally fortunate. It was through Sanders that the Wolcotts got into the New York Chance at Creede which is still turning out bushels of money with silver at sixty-eight cents an ounce. Jake and the Wolcotts had just made two or three little deals in which they had cleaned up something like a half-million, when the former ran against a German who had just sold a quarter interest in a mine at Creede for ten thousand dollars. From this lucky German, who had made his everlasting fortune and was going to his frau in Faderland, Sanders learned the particulars of the find, and the next day was on the road to Creede. But others had heard of it, and were also on the way. It didn't take long to convince his competitors, who had not his backing, that their interests would be best served by a compromise, and before the party reached their destination the matter was all fixed, the others getting small fractions, while the lion's share was held by Sanders and the Wolcotts. Two-thirds of the Last Chance was bought by the combination for one hundred thousand dollars, and in a single year the owner of a sixteenth in the New York Chance—the fraction of the New York and Last Chance which was in conflict, and compromised, and in which the phenomenally rich ore body was found—had received more than one hundred thousand dollars for his share.

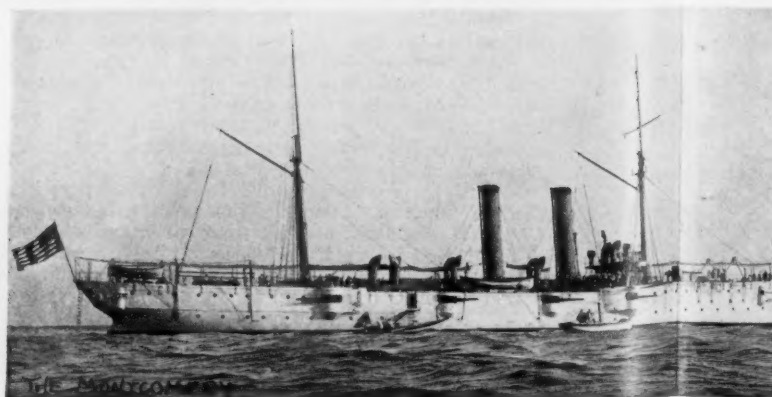
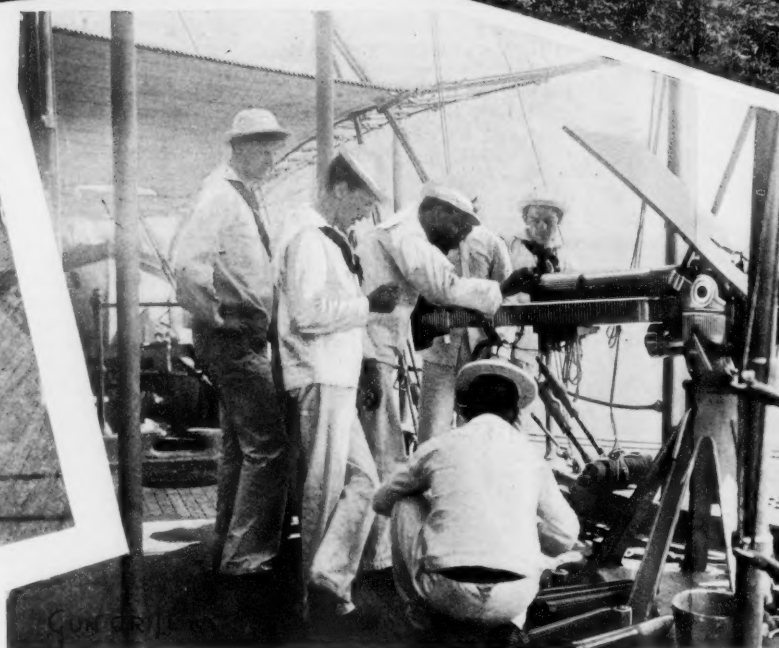
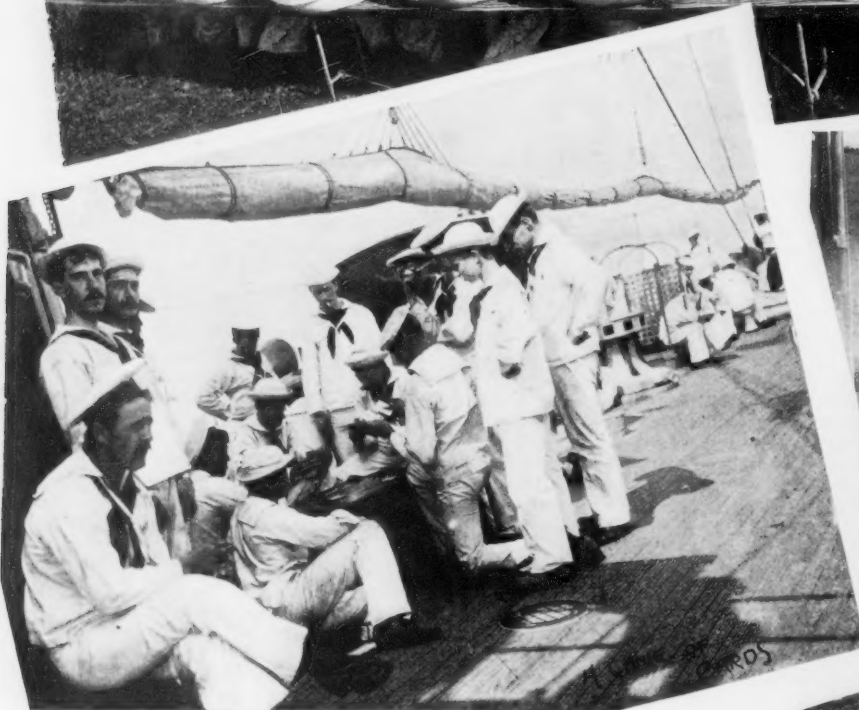
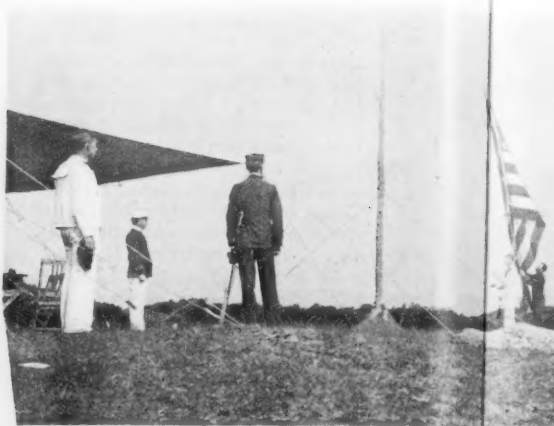
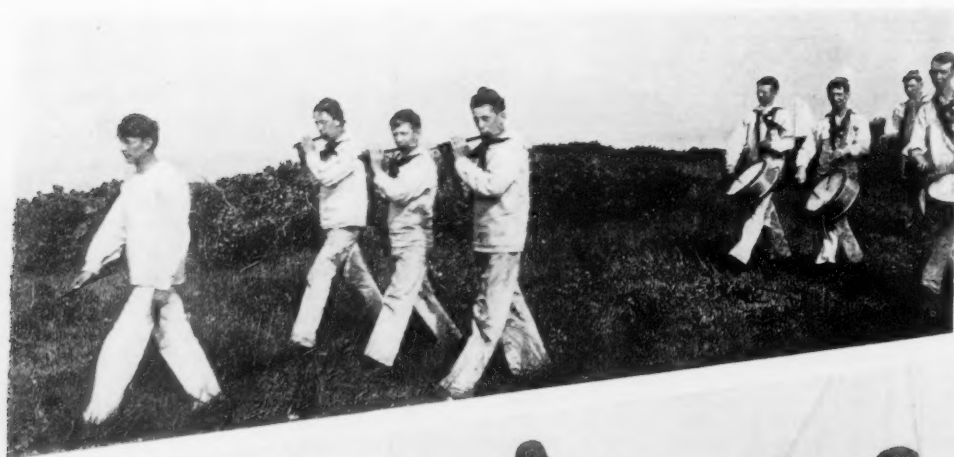
Nobody knows what the mine has paid the Wolcotts and their associate, and nobody cares very much, as they are just the same people as they always were.

One remarkable fact is the devotion to each other of these two middle-aged brothers. As related above, Henry on one occasion paid twenty thousand dollars to get Ed out of snare, and Ed would not hesitate an instant to put up his entire roll on Henry's call.

There is no more interesting illustration of the freaks of fortune which so often follow the pursuits of mining than the story of August Rische, one of the discoverers of the celebrated Little Pittsburg Mine, which was the initial carbonate discovery of the Great Leadville Mining District, from which has been taken nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars in values.

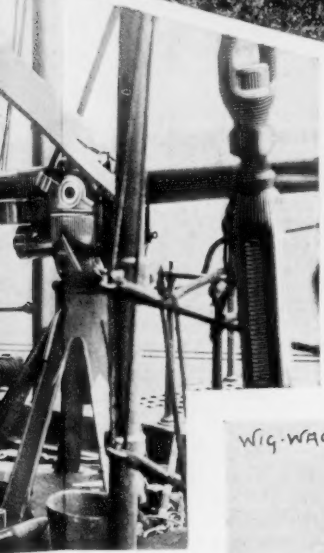
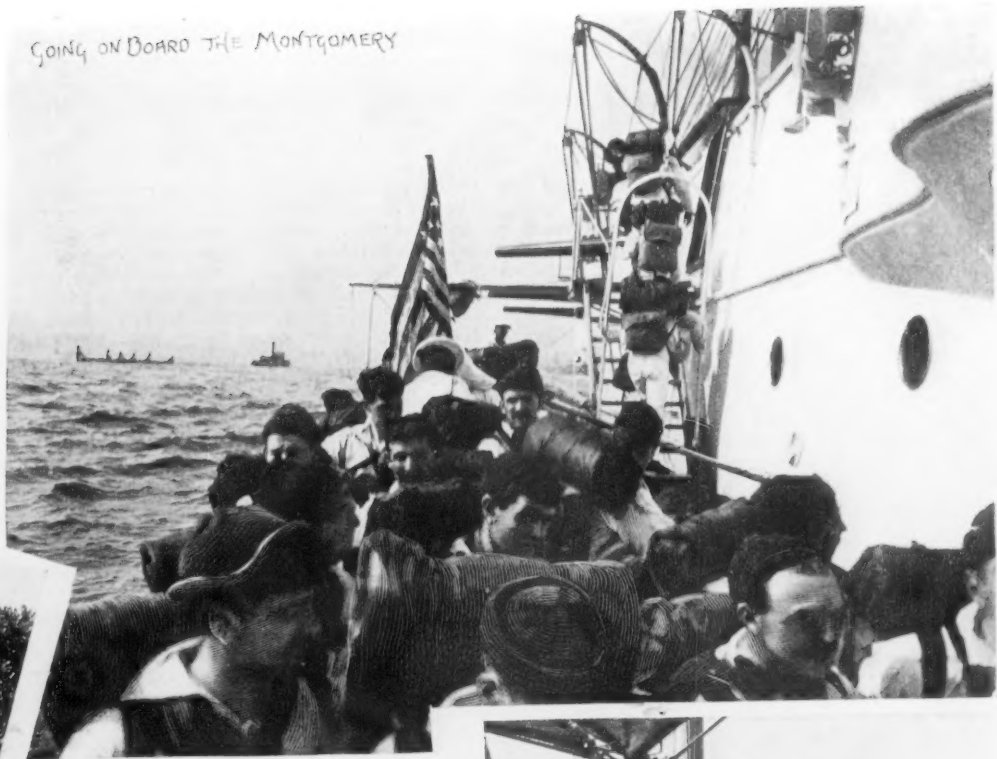
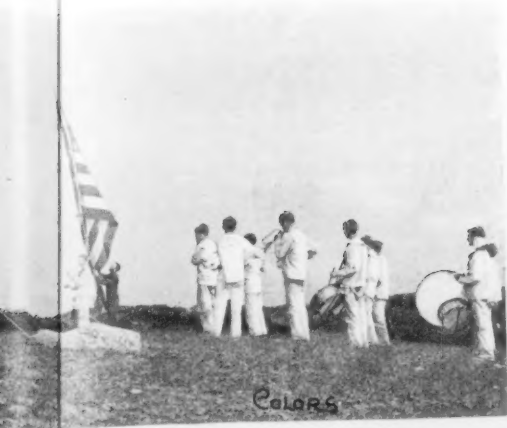
Rische was born in Minden, Prussia, in 1833, and emigrated to America when nineteen years of age, settling in St. Louis, where he followed shoemaking until the outbreak of the war, when he enlisted in the Twelfth Missouri, serving with credit to the close of hostilities. In 1868 he came to Colorado and opened a shoe shop at Fairplay, filling in the intervals between jobs of cobbling by prospecting for the precious metals. In 1874 he abandoned the last forever and turned his attention to mining and prospecting. Indifferent success followed his efforts for some years, and in the winter of 1877-78, he was, with his partner, George Freassle, prospecting on Mt. Zion, when the latter in a fit of anger kicked Rische's dog. Though one of the mildest-mannered of men this was more than Rische could stand, and packing up his traps he departed, taking his dog with him. In April, 1878, he formed a prospecting partnership with George T. Hook, the two striking H. A. W. Tabor for a grub stake. Tabor was then keeping a little grocery at Oro in California Gulch, and had grubstaked more prospectors than any other man in the State. Rische had been a tolerably steady patron of the Tabor stock, but his ventures had been almost uniformly unproductive and Tabor was little inclined to yield to his request. The persuasive eloquence of the prospectors and Tabor's characteristic hopefulness finally prevailed, and, with provisions for a few days, the pair started. They worked down California Gulch, over Carbonate Hill, and through locations which have since become historic, without finding anything. Twice their provisions gave out, and they returned for more, which were given them by the generous-hearted merchant after the usual protests.

On April 25, 1878, they were in the vicinity of Fryer Hill, with the stock of grub at a very low ebb, discouraged with their ill luck and afraid to risk a refusal of more grub from Tabor. Earlier in the season, George Fryer had struck the new discovery on the hill to which his name was given, and in desperation Rische and Hook decided to try in that locality. Fryer's vein was supposed to dip toward the east, as the blanket character of the Leadville formation was not then understood, and when these two Germans located their claim east of the new discovery, on the very apex of Fryer Hill, they were greeted with the sneers and gibes of practical miners, who would never have thought of sinking a hole at that point, as, judging from all known rules in mining, it was supposed that they would have to go at least five hundred feet before reaching the mineral. But it was as good a place to use up their remaining grub as any, and they went to work. Before going down ten feet indications of mineral began to appear, and when the last pound of bacon was consumed they had no hesitation in going to Tabor again. The latter looked at the stuff they brought, went up to the hole, less than a mile distant from his store, was shrewd enough to perceive his chance, and the grub was immediately forthcoming. At a depth of twenty-eight feet the vein was uncovered. Rische and Hook within a year became rich men, and Tabor laid the foundation of a colossal fortune. In 1879 Rische sold out his interest to Jerome B. Chaffee and D. H. Moffat for three hundred and ten thousand dollars, and, with nearly five hundred thousand dollars to his credit, commenced life. He wanted a wife, but had no time to spend in courting, and, going to Chicago, was introduced to a sensible girl of German extraction, proposed within an hour and was married in a week. Unable to resist the temptation to engage in mining schemes, much of Rische's wealth is now scattered in unproductive holes from Colorado to Mexico, while the old man himself, still vigorous and hardy, is putting down a shaft in one of the new mining districts of Colorado.



SOME PICTURES TAKEN DURING A CRUISE





## MEN, MANNERS AND MOODS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

## I.

APPARENTLY the reign of Robert Louis Stevenson is not over yet. Poor dead Boyesen (an excellent critic, when all is said) called his work "juvenility," and got many a hard knock from the passionate Stevensonites in consequence. For my own part, I recollect smiling to myself a long time ago when I read "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island," because of having heard them called "healthy" books, and "refreshing after the morbid and vicious elements of recent fiction." On almost every page somebody seemed to be killing somebody else, and if the throat-cutting and skull-splitting were not done morbidly or viciously, they still were not, I felt confident, a matter of any charity or loving-kindness. It seems to me that I have rarely read two romances more blood-bespattered with slaughter of various kinds. But there are readers who will stomach no end of gore in a novel, and yet shrink from delicate and artistic analyses and revelations of human wickedness. Beyond doubt Stevenson revived the sanguinary fashion, in his stories, making them teem with battle, murder and sudden death. Unless I err, no writer has for many years achieved distinction while so completely failing to represent his age. When he attempts to represent it he is frequently trivial, as in the case of his "New Arabian Nights," one of the books most open, perhaps, to Professor Boyesen's charge of "juvenility." I often feel, indeed, that the only permanent work he has left behind him is his exquisite, wistful, captivating juvenile verse. His romances, for the most part, are a *renaissance* of Scott, far below Scott's in grasp and scope, though replete with an up-to-date verbal effectiveness. Compare, for example, his "Master of Ballantrae" with any of Sir Walter's famed stories. We mark the new fineness of phrase, the intensely modern "color," but behind both is imitation, in structure no less than motive. One cannot help asking what future periods will do, in the way of criticism, with a writer so essentially removed from his own time as was Stevenson—one who had so little to say concerning it, who was so imbued with a dead-and-gone spirit of adventure, who continually sacrificed the thoughtful to the theatrical, who ignored all pressing nineteenth-century problems, and who was so boyishly satisfied with the mere outward picturesque form of things, careless of their essence, suggestion and significance. If you please he was a deft craftsman in the line of style—that "style" which has been so pelted with enthusiastic laudation, yet which unites the sparkle of the brook with its characteristic shallowness. It is a style abounding in pretty tricks, filled with echoes of Defoe and Fielding, seldom in the least spontaneous, and always haunting a trained ear by the factitious element of its texture. Strangely enough, too, it could never bend its graces and dexterities to the portrayal of a single noteworthy woman. Even its devotedest eulogists, if I do not mistake, admit this weakness.

But its incessant preference for subjects that had no concern with our present time, blended with the popularity that it certainly succeeded in achieving, has for several years set numerous English writers (though happily but a few Americans) producing tales torn from what certain reviewers would have us believe the "rich" and long-neglected "material" of historic times. To-day, with a host of British story-tellers, has become unfashionable, and hence we are deluged with yesterday in countless fictional forms. "The mob of gentlemen who write with ease" appear to write about Richelieu and the Duke of Monmouth, about Huguenot and Roundhead, about Bannockburn and Agincourt, with an equal facility. And what, when all is said, are such efforts really worth? They fool the people who know nothing of history into believing themselves instructed from its sources, and they cause the people who actually know something about history to deplore the fantastic spuriousness of their disclosures. A strong novel with an authentic historical background is an intensely difficult work to perform, and there are very few successful ones yet written. But it is questionable if in any case fiction should at all concern itself with history. Let novelists chronicle the only life of which they can possibly possess

valuable or trustworthy knowledge; otherwise they will nearly always write only for the passing amusement of the careless, whose swift forgetfulness will insult whatever true art they may have employed.

They will write, indeed, as Mrs. Burnett has recently done in her new novel called "A Lady of Quality," which is a roundabout product of the Stevenson "fad," and which makes one think of a Queen Anne cottage with Hoboken or Coney Island trimmings. It is such a bad modern replica of the literature of two hundred years ago that its "prithes" and "forsooths" glare at the reader with a very pathos of stucco falsity. Still, we had not expected of it certain literary sins like the following—sins at which the "Mr. Addison" and "Mr. Pope" who are lugged into one of its final chapters for the supposable sake of "realism," would have smiled their wickedest smiles. Here, for example, is a fine bit of English undefiled:

"From that time she would be put up every day" (i.e., on horseback), "and as time went on showed such unchildish courage and spirit that she furnished to her servant companions a new pastime."

Again we hear, with regret, if not surprise, of "a powder-flask which Sir Jeffery had just laid down." Still again we are fronted by this thrillingly exact and correct bit of writing: "With a slight nod, as he plainly hearkened to what he said as he explained his errand." Once more: "There was a brightness in the room that seemed in no other in the house, and the lingering essences in the air of it were as incense to her." And again: "When she found herself in the midst of the dazzling scene . . . she was glad when at last," etc. And still again: "Now 'tis 'twixt fate and I"—a piece of archaic colloquialism marred by the fact that even as long ago as Queen Anne's day prepositions, among "ladies of Quality," were apt to govern the objective case.

But syntax has never been a strong point with this author. Her "popularity" and her "sales" appear to have transcended it. In her "Little Lord Fauntleroy" may be found some startling instances of the English language going not only slipshod but pajama-clad. Outside the London *Journal* and a few like cis-Atlantic sheets, I know of nothing more amateurish and haphazard. Lord Fauntleroy has arrived at his grandfather's ancestral home, and this is how we are made acquainted with the little boy's pungent experience:

"The carriage rolled on and on between the great, beautiful trees which grew on each side of the avenue . . . Cedric . . . did not then know that Dorincourt Castle was one of the most beautiful in all England . . . but he did know that it was all very beautiful. . . . He felt a great, strange pleasure in the beauty of which he caught glimpses under and between the sweeping boughs—the great, beautiful spaces of the park. . . . 'It's a beautiful place, isn't it?' he said to Mr. Havisham. 'I never saw such a beautiful place.' . . . It was not long after this that they saw the castle. It rose up before them stately and beautiful and gray. . . . 'It's the most beautiful place I ever saw!' said Cedric, flushing with pleasure."

A few necessary omissions have been made, in my quotations, from the original text; but they are all brief, and all within the compass of three large-printed pages. Within that same compass the word "beautiful" appears no less than eight times, and the word "beauty" once. Now I seriously doubt if any such topsy-turvy writing occurs in the tales of Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, whose work circulates perhaps a good deal more widely, in the long run, than that of Mrs. Burnett, but who has never been called upon to display her talents in the fashionable magazines. I remember reading "Tempest and Sunshine" when the town was agog with it—when people met each other in the streets and their first words were not "Good-morning, do you use Pears' soap?" but "Good-morning, have you read 'Tempest and Sunshine'?" This was probably in 1858, and I was about eleven years old. My guardians would not let me read the book, but I defied their authority (during summer days at my father's place in Penatquit, now Bay Shore, Long Island), and climbed with it into the leafy obscurities of an immense apple tree where I filled myself full of its dramatic fervors. Probably it was not literature; but whether this be true or no, it gave my young and innocent mind a pleasure wholly freed from disgust. On

the other hand, "A Lady of Quality" has given my elderly and world-worn and corrupt mind (if one pleases to call it so) a disgust wholly freed from pleasure. Zola has been accused of many literary sins, but I have never found, in all his pages, a character as repulsive as Mrs. Burnett's "Clorinda" and yet one so completely untrue to life. But "character" is an unfair term for her. She is first a loathsome little rowdy and termagant, next she is a wanton, next she takes a fellow-creature's life in a fit of fury, next she becomes a duchess and a saint both in one, and finally, at a ripe old age, she expires universally beloved. From beginning to end the book is tawdry flimsiness, and I have no hesitation in stating that those who tolerate its flamboyant vulgarities do so in the deluded belief that it correctly describes "teacup times of hood and hoop, or when the patch was worn." I should not for an instant wish to state that its sorry buncombe springs directly from any Stevensonian influence; but, on the other hand, I should feel tempted most firmly to maintain that if Stevenson had not placed his talents in direct opposition to all contemporaneous subjects, this alleged "historical" stuff would never have seen the light. Only a few years ago the English novels dealing with persons and deeds of vanished centuries would have failed, if written, to find publishers. But Stevenson arrived, and modernity fell into disrepute. This rummaging amid the past speaks ill for both authors and readers. It suggests an incapacity in the first and an unwholesome languor in the last. It is essentially a British development, and let us hope that it will share the impermanence of all passing fashions.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in her beautiful and vivid stories, would surely lead us to believe so. This writer has been compared with George Eliot, but she possesses a spontaneity and inspiration which the other rarely shows. She has not George Eliot's metallic polish of style, nor her balanced gravity, nor her chiseled classicism. But she has abundant sweetness and humanity mixed with almost magical selectiveness—and by selectiveness I mean the difficult art of knowing what to tell with copiousness, what with reserve, and what with a reticence subtle and peculiar. "Robert Elsmere," deeply as I disagreed with some of its tenets, appealed to me as the corner-stone of a great coming fame; and since its birth "Marcella" has made me feel that I did not judge amiss. In all the wide range of English and American fiction I can think of no feminine character more enchantingly and yet humanly portrayed than that of Marcella Boyce. Dorothea, in "Middlemarch," is tame and priggish beside her. I am, indeed, constantly haunted with the idea that this glorious and lovely lady lives and breathes at the present hour. Mrs. Ward's style is sometimes almost ragged, but you feel that it is made so by the stress of sincerity which plays through every sentence of it. She has no formalisms, no statuesque discretions and reservations of phrase, but also she is without the faintest hint of sentimentalism or hysteria. She is at once the most womanly and the least womanish of writers. If we had never known George Eliot's sex we might easily have gone on to the present day taking it for granted that she was a man. But Mrs. Ward never leaves us a moment in doubt that her piercing intellect is allied to a woman's palpitating sympathies. So much of her own personality is in some mysterious way interfused through her wonderfully flexible and sensitive prose that I can imagine how the multitudinous readers who must latterly have become her lovers as well, are often touched with anxiety lest so much surrender of one's self to one's art, so much luminous outflow from the living spirit upon the insensate page, may imperil both the brain and body which have made these rare effects palpable.

Marcella exists again for us as Lady Maxwell in the new work, "Sir George Tressady," now running as a serial through a well-known magazine. But here, as previously, she is the center of a group, and each member of this group is vitalized with astonishing vigor. Always, it would seem, Mrs. Ward requires a large canvas, yet always she is capable of filling it in the most masterly manner. And how the shadows of men and women that nowadays glide through many a popular "historical" tale dwindle before these flesh-and-blood, breathing mortals made alive and recognizable by the wizardry of her touch! You read and feel



that it is England—the political, social, multi-plex, passionately and terribly sentient England of the present hour. Here at last is an author who writes of what she knows, and with a splendid veracity, a pregnant force of presentment. This kind of work, as I take it, is the true "historical" novel; for future historians must go to it in their descriptions and treatments of our dying century. I would not give one authentic book of memoirs written by a Frenchman who had lived through the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, for all the tales founded on that epoch ever concocted by the cleverest and adroitest craftsmen of a succeeding time, Robert Louis Stevenson among them. And for like reasons I should hold Mrs. Ward's amazing exposition of modern English life worth a thousand records of it that might come a hundred years hence. Only, it should be added, that, unlike most chroniclers of their own especial age, Mrs. Ward has one enormous advantage. She is apparently blessed with the assistance of a secretary whose name is Genius.

## CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS WORK.

BY J. HERBERT ASHBORNE.

THE truth which underlies that well-worn sentiment "The pen is mightier than the sword" has never been better illustrated than in the work accomplished by Charles Dickens. It is true that certain of the literary specialists of the present day, notably such men as Hall Caine, affect to consider Dickens in no other light than that of a very mediocre writer, an observer of the small things which float upon the surface of life; but the reading public have formed a different estimate of the value of his work, and it is not asserting too much to express the conviction that his writings will continue to be read when those of many of his critics will have been relegated to obscurity.

It is not difficult to find out wherein Dickens's popularity lies. The wealth of human sympathies with which his works abound, the fidelity to life, as we find it around us, with which his characters are drawn, the lights and shadows so judiciously blended, the virtues as well as the failings by which human nature is represented, all of these combined serve as a magnet to draw us the more to the author and his work and make us feel that we are all the better for having made his acquaintance. We would even go further and suggest to those who have not yet done so to "go and do likewise," in their moments of leisure. They will not be carried backward through the mazes of fiction to a comparatively forgotten period in the world's history; neither will they be introduced to phases of life or character unfamiliar to them.

Dickens's readers—and their name is legion—instead brought into constant and familiar contact with a class of people not by any means strangers to them, and with whom they touch elbows every day in the ordinary associations of life. We meet his prototypes everywhere, and there is on that account much more pleasure and enjoyment derived from spending an hour with the creations of this popular novelist than with the works of those who are held to rank higher in the literary world.

Some of Dickens's works, it is worthy of note, have been the means of righting wrongs that could not otherwise be reached. Take as an illustration "Nicholas Nickleby." Before the appearance of that book, and dating back to early in the present century, the condition of the pupils in the private schools of England was made deplorable from the infamous system of management tolerated through the supineness of parents and guardians, particularly in the boys' schools. There were some notable exceptions, but these were like oases in the desert when placed in contrast with those which flourished in the almost inaccessible and dreary wastes of Yorkshire in the north of England.

It was after the publication of his "Sketches," over the nom de plume of "Boz," and when his publishers had made a new and satisfactory contract with him for a new book, that Dickens, hearing so much to the discredit of the Yorkshire schools, determined to investigate, and, if necessary, expose them, and set them up in their true light for the execration of the community. His earliest impressions of the schoolmasters of that benighted section were formed, he tells us, when he was "a boy, and were associated with a suppurated abscess that

some boy had come home with in consequence of his Yorkshire guide, philosopher and friend having ripped it open with an inky penknife." His later estimate of the class as given in his own words pictured them as "Traders in the avarice, indifference or imbecility of parents and the helplessness of children; ignorant, sordid, brutal men to whom few considerate persons would have intrusted the board and lodging of a horse or dog; they formed the worthy cornerstone of a structure which for absurdity and a magnificent high-minded *laissez-aller* neglect, has rarely been exceeded in the world."

It was a happy inspiration which prompted Dickens to espouse the cause of the hapless boys consigned to the tender mercies of such debased and degraded teachers; and it was to his credit how quickly he proceeded to carry his resolve into effect. The opportunity was not allowed to slip, for he, with an artist companion, Hablot K. Browne (better known later on as "Phiz" by his illustrations of Charles Lever's works), left London several weeks before Christmas of 1837 to explore Yorkshire and find out, beyond peradventure, the extent to which parental credulity and juvenile forbearance were imposed upon and abused. They had not penetrated much into the wilds of Yorkshire before the proofs began to accumulate. They made their pilgrimage over old post-chaise routes, worked out every possible clew, and gathered material where none but themselves would have sought for it. The records of local courts were searched for cases arising out of damage suits; the files of newspapers were scrutinized, and even village gossip was used to furnish clews to rich mines of information. Some of the schools were visited, and it only remained for the investigators to reach the then thriving village of Bowes in the extreme northern part of Yorkshire, the location of the institution which Dickens made infamous as "Dotheboys Hall," to crown their labors with complete success. There they remained for some weeks, Dickens representing himself as the agent of a poor widow having a son whom she was desirous of placing in a quiet country school. This ruse enabled him to obtain admission to several of these abodes of cruelty and misery to learn their systems of management, and in a confidential way to acquire a tolerably fair knowledge of the character of the discipline meted out to the unfortunate victims of circumstances or of misplaced confidence, whose lot it was to fit themselves for the active duties of life amid such surroundings and with such experience.

When the first part of "Nicholas Nickleby" was published, Dickens, fearing that the fearful picture he had drawn of the barbarity practiced by "Squiers" in his "Dotheboys Hall" institution would expose him to censure, slipped away from London, and went into hiding. But his seclusion was of short duration. The first day's sales of the first part exceeded fifty thousand copies, and it is on record that before six months had elapsed the torture of and cruelty to helpless and hapless schoolboys in these remote prison pens was considerably abated. Before the last chapter of "Nicholas Nickleby" was read public feeling had been so roused as to find expression almost in riot, and the last vestige of the infamous system of "Dotheboys Hall" was swept away. The service done to the community by Dickens in this, his second work, cannot perhaps at the present day be properly estimated; but it was enthusiastically conceded sixty years ago when it gave the coup de grace to the Yorkshire schools of that day.

The village of Bowes, in which Dickens and Browne sojourned, was long considered a fictitious locality, but that was an error. About five years ago E. L. Wakeman, a well-known American tourist and writer, making the tour of Europe, undertook to visit the spot where Dickens had gathered so much valuable material, and rescue, as he tells us, "from oblivion the actual site of a national infamy and fix in the real geography of literature the locations and environs of a spot dim-fleeting and phantom-like in the minds of millions of readers in the Old World and the New."

The village of Bowes, or what remained of it, was found by Mr. Wakeman after a tramp across Stanemoor Mountain in the extreme northwestern part of Yorkshire. The old inn, the St. George, at which Nicholas Nickleby, Squiers and the little boys accompanying him were set down, was still standing, but known as the Unicorn; and in one of its wretched apartments, the same one which Dickens and

Browne had occupied more than fifty years before, Wakeman found shelter and accommodation for the night. When morning came he ascended to the roof of the building, where stood an old bell-tower, from which he had a view of the village and its surroundings which he thus describes: "There lay the sinuous shell of the ancient village, a winding, cobbled, grass-grown street of half a mile in length, flanked by ruined houses half of whose thatched roofs have fallen in. From their dank and rot, grass, weeds and even flowers were luxuriantly springing, as though Nature, seeking to hide the spot, had bidden the winds and birds to seed it for fitting disguise." A vivid description of the magnificent views, north, south and east, is then given, but that on the westward alone is pertinent to our subject. Here it is:

"Facing westward a little Norman church, and near it, with roofed and unroofed hovels on either side, you will see, as Dickens and his Nicholas Nickleby saw, a long, odd-looking house one story high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stables adjoining." This was the veritable "Dotheboys Hall" of the story.

That structure, as it stood at the time of Wakeman's visit in 1891, was, he tells us, "the abode of a real Squiers in the flesh, of a Mrs. Squiers, of Fanny Squiers, and of a Master Wackford Squiers—all the difference was in the name, which in real life was Shaw. They possessed all the ignorance, avarice, venality and brutality. The old wretch of a master—Shaw, alias Squiers—was ruined by Dickens's exposure. Investigation and damage suits stripped him of all, or, rather, made him to the end of his days an imbecile servitor to the man who married his daughter, Mary Ann Shaw (Fanny Squiers), who now, in 1891, over eighty years of age, savagely prevents entrance to the place with club and dog." Mr. Wakeman further tells us that any one going to see "Dotheboys Hall" will have to content himself "with an exterior view of the ramshackle old structure and a peep from over the hedge behind the barn at the identical pump around which the half-frozen boys gathered for their ablutions on winter mornings."

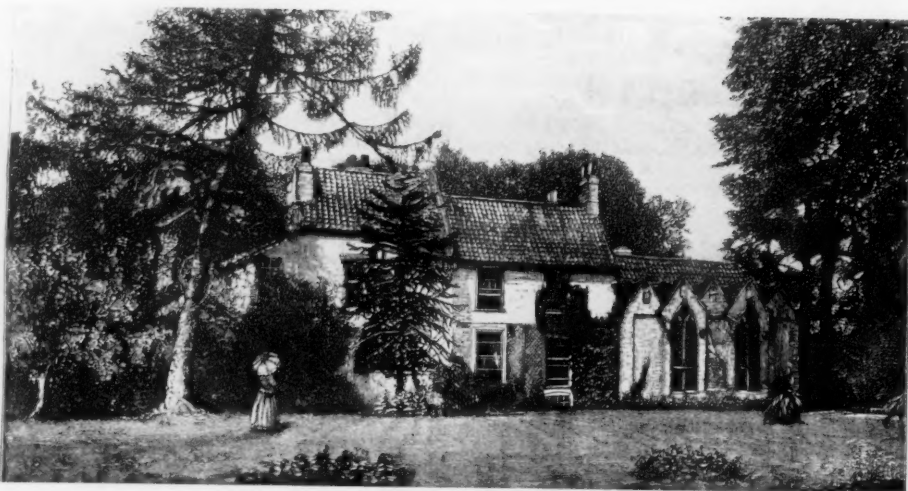
Of the other works of Dickens which succeeded "Nicholas Nickleby" it is hardly necessary to speak. They are as household words wherever the English language is read or spoken, and will live longer than the class of novels which appeal more largely to what might be termed the "cultured" circles of society. He took delight in pursuing the humorous side of a character, and showed unusual fertility in inventing ludicrous incidents. He had an inexhaustible fund of humor, and his keen delight in homely sociability and cheerfulness in the efforts of simple people to make merry, the kindly satire of their little vanities and ambitions, these tendencies remained with Dickens to the last. Of his fun, it has been said to be too boisterous for the refined taste of his own time, and his pathos has been considered maudlin; "but they carried everything before them when they first burst upon our literature, because, however much exaggerated, they were exaggerations of what our race feels in its inner heart, and unless culture in the future works a miracle, and carries its changes beneath the surface, we may be certain that Dickens will keep his hold."

Among choice tributes from literary men to the memory of Dickens the following from the pen of S. C. Hall, the well-known English writer, apropos of his burial in Westminster Abbey, will be read with interest. "No other man," says Mr. Hall, "has so amply and efficiently supplied in fiction the intellectual need of the age. Who," he continues, "would have dreamed in 1826 that the intelligent-looking lad, who from time to time brought penny-a-line matter to the office of the newspaper on which his father was a Parliamentary reporter, would one day be laid, amid national grief, in the mausoleum of our British Worthies, while over the grave that would receive his body an eloquent funeral sermon would be preached by a high dignitary of the Church, proclaiming Charles Dickens one of the foremost teachers of his time? Further eulogium is unnecessary, but I cannot resist the desire to quote this passage from Charles Dickens's last will and testament:

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children to try to guide

themselves by the teachings of the New Testament in its broad spirit and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of the letter."

Fifty-four years have elapsed since Dickens first visited America, and the feeling that inspired the welcome which met him on all sides then, when he had scarcely crossed the threshold of the Temple of Fame, seems still to be associated with his life work, if the popularity of his writings may be accepted as an indication. He has had imitators, but they failed in their effort, while year after year Barnaby Rudge, Dombey, Nicholas Nickleby, Little Nell and the other creations of Dickens's pen are old familiar friends, always welcomed and always appreciated. This is the best tribute that could be paid to the genius of Dickens, and is in itself an acknowledgment of the hold which his writings have secured on the present generation of readers, and an indication that in all probability, unless human nature undergoes some radical and unlooked-for change, the same feeling will be shared by those who come after us.



TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE. TO BE LET OR SOLD.

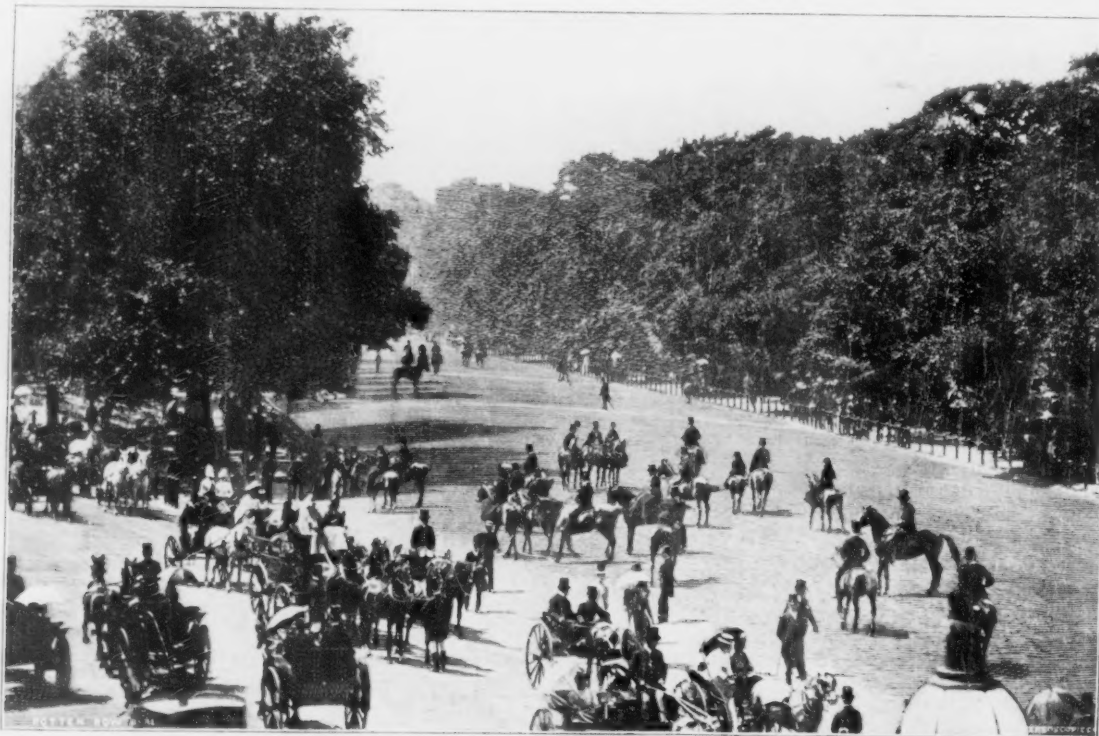
(See page 15.)



MRS. WESSE  
SEY OF  
MEET



CAPT.  
WINANS



ROTTEN ROW GENERAL VIEW



MRS. CLARKE



THE MEET

AMERICAN MEET IN HYDE PARK, LONDON, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.





GOOD-BY.—PAINTED BY E. THOENL.



## MIGNONETTE.

BY ANTHONY BONNE.

Into the moonlit garden come,  
Sweetheart, when the lights are low;  
When twitt'ring birds in the trees are dumb,  
And whisp'ring night winds softly blow.  
Come where the summer roses grow,  
Filling the air with rich perfume;  
Where woodbine and clematis climb,  
With sprigs of gold and silver broom.  
Here, sweetheart, I await thee yet.  
Come, Mignonette, my Mignonette.  
Out of the garden, flower-clad,  
Sweetheart, thou hast pass'd away,  
And left me lonely, cold and sad  
As a leafless tree on a wintry day.  
Flowers are faded, skies are gray,  
And all around is fill'd with gloom;  
My heart's bereft of all its joy,  
My garden's lost its sweetest bloom.  
But, sweetheart, what avails regret?  
Sweet Mignonette, my Mignonette.

## THE POSTER.

BY JOEL BENTON.

The poster is an eerie thing, born of Walpurgis dreams,  
On every visible boarding its strange delirium streams;  
The maiden and the peacock, and dark men with bushy hair,  
And heroes like Napoleon are wont to figure there.  
The fin de siècle art it shows, in line and color flat,  
Sometimes it prints an eagle, or perhaps a mouseless cat—  
A horrid blue-beard specter it often brings to view,  
But it shuns all known perspective, save that Rossetti knew.  
It decks a paper's cover, or else a magazine,  
Shies quite away from landscapes—is rarely a marine—  
But much it loves the convent air—its sense is often dumb—  
And its favorite flower's the sunflower, or the chrysanthemum.  
It's pitiful to think the world the poster did not know,  
In all its modern glumness, in the days of Edgar Poe;  
Though cycle firms now flaunt it, and businesses as queer,  
And though it spreads its glory on behalf of lager beer.  
'Tis dubbed the "poor man's picture," and finds his simple cot—  
In fact, it's hard to name a place to-day where it is not;  
I love its bold assurance, its type of face and eyes,  
Although I know its *raison d'être* is just to advertise.  
So famous is its vogue now, that it has come to be  
A monarch in its function for rare publicity;  
The shrewd collector hunts it in by-ways dark and lorn,  
And so it's sure to long outlive Philistine hate and scorn.

## LILINAU.

(A Legend of the North American Indians.)

BY RUTH LAURENCE.

Where is the lovely Lilinau?  
Now that the maidens form a ring  
'Neath the pines, when the sun dips low,  
To laugh and prattle, dance and sing.  
Now that the maidens form a ring  
On mossy banks with flowers abloom,  
To laugh and prattle, dance and sing,  
Waking to life the woodland gloom.  
On mossy banks with flowers abloom,  
When the light dies, and skies are cold,  
Waking to life the woodland gloom,  
In measure sweet is the story told.  
When the light dies and skies are cold,  
Comes the tale of a princess fair—  
In measure sweet is the story told—  
With sparkling eyes and shining hair,  
Comes the tale of a princess fair,  
Wandering beneath the listless trees,  
With sparkling eyes and shining hair,  
Drinking the sighs of the lisp'ing breeze.  
Wandering beneath the listless trees,  
She with strange longing did rejoice,  
Drinking the sighs of the lisp'ing breeze  
She heard afar a lover's voice.

She with a strange longing did rejoice,  
Alone, beside the shifting shade,  
She heard afar a lover's voice  
With hope, by joy made half afraid.

Alone, beside the shifting shade,  
Betwixt the moonlight and the gloom,  
With hope, by joy made half afraid,  
She spied a graceful tossing plume.  
Betwixt the moonlight and the gloom,  
The magic voice crooned sweet and low  
(She spied a graceful tossing plume):  
"Come hither, gentle Lilinau!"

The magic voice crooned sweet and low,  
She turned, this daughter of a king—  
"Come hither, gentle Lilinau!"  
Her glad heart mute with wondering.  
She turned, this daughter of a king,  
And followed on through vale, o'er hill—  
Her glad heart mute with wondering—  
She fled across the meadows still,  
And followed on through vale, o'er hill.  
From rain to shine, from east to west,  
She fled across the meadows still  
Seeking, in vain, the tossing crest.  
From rain to shine, from east to west,  
She watched the seasons come and fade,  
Seeking, in vain, the tossing crest—  
Loving a shadow, luckless maid!  
She watches the seasons come and fade,  
'Neath the pines when the sun dips low,  
Loving a shadow, luckless maid!  
Where is the lovely Lilinau?

## ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

By the elevation of Mgr. Agliardi, late Nuncio at Vienna, to the cardinalate, Mgr. Tagliani has been appointed Papal Nuncio at the same capital. It was Cardinal Agliardi who represented Pope Leo XIII. at the recent coronation of Czar Nicholas II. at Moscow.

Society at Vienna and Buda Pesth has been startled by the tragic death of Count Etienne Satany, member of the Hungarian Diet, who was found assassinated on Monday, 13th inst., in his castle of Nagy Mihaly, Hungary.

Pope Leo XIII.'s Papal Encyclical breathes the same desire for harmony and the unity of Christendom as those preceding ones, which awakened the religious zeal of Lord Halifax, president of the English Church Union. An eminent prelate will be forthwith dispatched from Rome to London to study the question of Reunion.

The Dean of the Sacred College died on the 15th inst. at Castellamaro. Cardinal Raphael Monaco la Valletta, Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, secretary of the Inquisition, Grand Penitentiary Protector of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, was born February 23, 1827; promoted to the cardinalate March 13, 1868.

The Marquess di Rudini has reconstructed the Italian Ministry thus: Marquess Visconti-Venosta, Minister of Foreign Affairs; General Pelloux, Minister of War; M. Sineca, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs; M. Prinetti, Minister of Public Works; the other members of the Ministry remain as before—Marquess di Rudini, President of the Council and Minister of the Interior; Admiral Brin, Minister of the Navy; M. Guicciardini, Minister of Agriculture; M. Costa, Minister of Justice, and M. Gianturco, Minister of Public Instruction.

The arrest of fifty Russian Nihilists at St. Petersburg within the past week proves how well-founded were the fears entertained during the coronation fetes, and the entry of the Czar and Czarina into Moscow and their return to St. Petersburg. The Russian police have also seized a number of printing presses and a vast quantity of seditious pamphlets.

The International Socialist Congress will take place in London, July 27. The German Socialists will be represented by thirty delegates. The Polish Socialists and Anarchists will also send a special contingent, and as to all the other cosmopolitan Socialists and Anarchists of all nations, who prowl round London, in the vicinity of Leicester Square, Soho, and Seven Dials, who one and all "left their country for their country's good," they will all voice their grievances beneath the auspices of the blood-red flag. John Bull is a stolid, good-natured animal at heart, and why all these firebrands are not "run in" long ago goes to prove what Lord Russell of Killowen, the present Lord Chief Justice of England, calls "the lethargy of London."

A cartouche of dynamite was recently discovered near the palace of the Industrial Exposition, Berlin. The police of the German capital are busily engaged investigating the matter.

You remember some time since the anonymous letters published in Berlin, which caused such a sensation, and the duel which followed between M. de Kotze, former Court chamberlain, and Baron Schrader, for which offense the former is now undergoing a term of imprisonment in a fortress on the Rhine. Other pamphlets of the same tenor have recently appeared anonymously. Their sale has been suppressed by the police.

All the nations of Europe have decided to be represented at the Paris Exposition of 1900. Germany will send as her commissioner M. Richter, whom you must have met at the Chicago Exposition, where he represented the Fatherland.

Emperor William II. did a magnanimous act the other day. The Imperial yacht "Hohenzollern," with the Emperor on board, was lying at anchor at Lysterfiord, Norway, the cruiser "Gefion" of the Imperial German Navy, being in attendance. The French transatlantic liner "General Chanzy" ran aground near Floro; immediately the Emperor ordered the "Gefion" to the

rescue. After several attempts the "Gefion" succeeded in hauling the "General Chanzy" out of a perilous position and floated the French ship out to sea. Emperor William II. loves Norway, and to look at the Midnight Sun at midsummer is one of the sights he delights in.

Great efforts are being made to put a stop to bull fighting in France. The famous Spanish matadors, Lagartijo and Lagartijillo, fought six bulls lately in the arena of Nismes, in presence of twenty-five thousand spectators. A process was served by the police against the director of the arena, and the matadors were escorted to the frontier at the base of the Pyrenees, en route for the land of their nativity.

Rumors are afloat as to a possible alliance between France and Spain. The recent visit of the French squadron to the coast of Spain (Corona and Ferrol) gave rise to the report. The Spanish Republicans call France their "second mother," and form the idea of a republic in the peninsula on the same lines. They would also hope to bring Portugal to the same way of thinking and acting; this is very unlikely during the present reign. King Charles is a great favorite, but his wife, sister of the Duc d'Orleans, is simply idolized by the Portuguese people. She is the virtual ruler. Paper is the chief currency throughout Portugal, and this in no way interferes with the happiness and prosperity of the people.

Brussels, the gay capital of Belgium, was in a great state of excitement on Sunday, the 12th inst. The elections for the Chamber of Representatives resulted in a great victory for the clerical party. There were 98,100 votes registered for the Catholics, and 88,800 for the Radicals. The former won six seats.

There was something pathetic in the departure of the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava from the British Embassy at Paris. All fashionable and political Paris witnessed the final withdrawal, at the station St. Lazare, of the illustrious pair, who henceforth retire into private life after a singularly brilliant career. Lord Dufferin's seventieth birthday has just been celebrated in Paris. If he will only write his reminiscences, how interesting they will be. Lord Dufferin is the grandson of Richard Brimsley Sheridan, the distinguished Irishman who wrote "The School for Scandal," and other works. The Ambassador's mother, Lady Dufferin, was a poet of no mean order. Her "Irish Emigrant" is known and admired wherever the English tongue is spoken. Lord Dufferin is now at the Isle of Wight, yachting; Lady Dufferin is in London, and was present at the garden party given by the Duchess of Buccleuch, at the Montague House, Whitehall, some days since.

Quite a tempest in a teapot has been raging in the Berlin press, on account of a slight breach of etiquette, due to absence of mind, on the part of the French Ambassador to Russia, Count de Montebello, who forgot to kiss the Czarina's hand on the day of the coronation at Moscow, when he presented the French Mission to H. I. M. These "too previous" journals announced the immediate withdrawal of the Ambassador, whereas the Czar himself has made known to the French Government his extreme annoyance at the comments which have been made, and his special friendship for and confidence in the Count de Montebello.

Crucifixion at Wady Halfa, carried out by the orders of the Caliph Omdurman, was the punishment inflicted on the messenger who brought news of the defeat of the dervishes at Ferket! And this is not to be the only crucifixion, unless care be taken, for the Caliph has declared he will have the same punishment inflicted on every one who even alludes to the defeat in his presence. And this is the nineteenth century, this is!

French literature has lost a well-known writer in M. Edmond de Goncourt, whose death has just taken place. He was born at Nancy, May 26, 1822.

A word about Crete. The Governor consented that the British consul could distribute the funds collected in England among the victims of the insurrection, irrespective of creed. The representatives at Constantinople of France, Russia, Germany and Austria protested against this, and Lord Salisbury ordered the consul to desist. On Friday, 10th inst., four hundred Mussulmans assembled on the public thoroughfare at Kandy to attack the Christians. This being the Mussulman Sabbath (every Friday), the commander of H.M.S. "Dolphin" marched through their lines to the Governor's palace to lodge a complaint. The Christians have asked for the protection of the foreign vessels in the harbor of Kandy.

The Bayreuth Festival of Wagner's "Rheingold" opened on Sunday, 19th inst., in the Bavarian Festspielhaus built by Wagner himself, aided by the munificence of King Ludwig II.

"Two Grecian cities fought for Homer dead,  
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."  
Twenty years ago the living Wagner was almost hooted off the stage after the first performance of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Now, what a change is here! Lovers of music have for days past been arriving from all parts of Europe and America. But, alas! Richard Wagner, the master, and King Ludwig II., the generous patron, will not be there to see. They have long since joined the forever silent majority.

## UNDUE PUNISHMENT.

"Mark Twain is said to have visited the imprisoned members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee," says the San Francisco News Letter, "and found them in excellent spirits. Nothing is said regarding the condition the alleged humorist left them in. We can draw our own conclusions, however."

## A DEADLY WEAPON.

Italy has a new magazine rifle, which holds only six cartridges, but can be filled and discharged in fifteen seconds. The bullet has an outside covering of German silver with a case of lead, hardened by antimony, and will go through a brick wall three feet thick at a range of a quarter of a mile. The bore is 0.256 inches and the trajectory is so flat that the rifle can be fired up to a range of 650 yards without using the folding sight, which is set for as long a range as 2,200 yards.



## FASHION'S CRUELTY.

"The cruellest deed committed for the gratification of female vanity," says *Nature*, "is the destruction of small white herons or egrets, during the season in which they have their nests and young, in order to supply plumes for ladies' hats. By persistent appeals the Society for the Protection of Birds have induced a small proportion of the gentler sex to give a thought to the conditions under which their borrowed plumes are obtained, and a slight feeling against the fashion of wearing feathers has been aroused. But fine feathers are so essential to feminine decoration that the slightest excuse is sufficient to salve the conscience. Happy were the ladies, therefore, when they were told by shopkeepers that lovely delicate plumes for the decoration of hats were now artificially made, and no peculiar cruelty was necessary to obtain them. But their complaisance has been disturbed. Sir William Flower has examined numbers of plumes, the wearers of which were priding themselves on their humanity, trusting to the assurance of the milliner that they were not real egret's feathers, but manufactured, and he has found in every case that they were unquestionably genuine. The only 'manufacture' consisted in cutting the plume in two, and fixing the upper and lower half side by side, so that a single feather does duty for two in the 'brush.' Simply to keep up their trade and dispose of their stock, the purveyors of female raiment have invented and widely propagated a monstrous fiction, and are everywhere selling the real feathers warranted as artificial! 'Thus,' concludes Sir William Flower, 'one of the most beautiful of birds is being swept off the face of the earth, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty, to minister to a passing fashion, bolstered up by a glaring falsehood.'"

## CLEVELAND'S CENTENNIAL.

The centennial of the founding of the city of Cleveland, O., was duly celebrated Wednesday, July 22. The day was ushered in with booming cannon, clanging bells and shrieking whistles. All the business houses were closed, and exercises commemorative of the day were held in the Central Armory. After music by the Cleveland vocal society, Mayor Robert E. McKisson delivered an address of welcome on behalf of the Cleveland Centennial Commission. Senator Hawley of Connecticut gave an historical address. Following the reading of a centennial ode composed by Colonel John J. Piatt, a number of distinguished guests made brief addresses. Among them were Governor O. Vincent Coffin of Connecticut, Governor Asa S. Bushnell of Ohio, ex-Governor William McKinley and others. At 2.30 p.m. the military and civic parade took place, being reviewed from a stand in front of the City Hall by a large number of noted visitors.

At eight o'clock President Cleveland, by touching a button at Buzzard's Bay, illuminated the immense white arch standing in the center of the public square.

## VICTORIOUS CHINESE REBELS.

Recent advices from the Orient say that the Imperial Chinese troops sent to Lanchu to suppress the Mohammedan rebels have been routed. The rebels seem to have totally annihilated them, although the troops were well provisioned and equipped. Six thousand troops were sent to curb the rebels, and all are either killed or missing.

The rebels are now massacring all in authority, killing and pillaging on their triumphant marches through the country. Eight thousand troops will be sent, but it is thought they will be killed off like the rest. It is said that it will take an army of fifty thousand to subdue the savage Mohammedans.

## THE UBIQUITOUS SYNDICATE.

Nothing is safe from syndicates of speculators. From a question asked in the British House of Commons recently it appears that an attempt is being made to exclude the public from the right of way to the Giants' Causeway in the north of Ireland. Unfortunately that great natural wonder is not public property, and cannot, therefore, be protected from the syndicate which proposes to interfere with the right of access to it.

## SKY-SCRAPERS.

Newspaper Row, like other great centers of industry in New York, is under-

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going a gradual evolution in appearance, and in a few years will be unrecognizable by those who return to it after a brief absence. A new building, which is being erected on the site of the old International Hotel, will be the king of all the skyscrapers hitherto erected in New York. It will be three hundred and eighty-six feet in height from the sidewalk and will have twenty-eight stories, with a facade in Renaissance style. Close by another sky-scraper is being erected on the site of the old *Herald* building, and there now remains only about half a block more of derelicts, including the old *World*, *Advertiser*, *Sun* and *Mercury* buildings, to be rebuilt in order to give the Row a uniform and up-to-date appearance.

## THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

The detachment of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, which, under the command of Colonel F. A. Walker, is now visiting England, has evidently been received with open arms. The *London Illustrated News* makes the visit the occasion of a brief history of the organization that may be interesting to many:

"Needless to point out, the origin of this famous American regiment, as its title suggests, may be traced to our own well-known London Artillery Company, whose headquarters are in Finsbury, and whose Captain-General and Honorary Colonel is the Prince of Wales. That, again, is a survival of the fittest of the historic city Trained Bands which in the civil war between Charles and Cromwell wrought such speedy and signal service for the Parliament party.

"Eight speeches delivered in Guildhall on the night of Thursday, October 27, 1642, have come down to us. It is not difficult to imagine that such words as were spoken by Lord Saye and Sele on that stirring occasion were not forgotten in later times by the men of Boston when they were moved to fight for the independence of the Commonwealth against King George III. of England. 'This is now not a time for men to think with themselves that they will be in their shops and get a little money. In common dangers, let each man take his weapons in his hands; let every man therefore shut up his shop, let him take his musket and offer himself readily and willingly. Let him not think with himself, Who shall pay me? But rather let him think this: I will go forth to save the kingdom, to serve my God, to maintain His true religion, to save the Parliament, to save this noble city.'

"The Boston regiment proudly dates its beginnings from the year 1638, four years before that speech was spoken. On the inner shield of its regimental coat-of-arms it displays a steel-clad soldier of the Cromwell period and the above-given date. It has always maintained the most friendly relationship with the London company; indeed, its organization was primarily due to one Robert Keayne, citizen of London and Merchant Taylor, who became a member of the Finsbury Company in 1623, and who, fifteen years afterward, passed over to Boston.

"The patriotism of Keayne is inscribed in the State records of Massachusetts, albeit the military spirit he invoked brought no good to England a century or so later. He was a Windsor man, reared under the towers of its Castle. The men of Boston hope, during their stay in England, to find the house Keayne was born in (so the writer is told), and thus by the irony of fate to perpetuate the memory of a citizen of London who first taught Boston citizens the art of trailing a pike and handling a musket to the undoing of the mother country.

"It is every way befitting that due honor should be paid to this representative body of the oldest military organization of the United States, so closely connected by ties of friendly relationship with ourselves. They will make friends and acquaintances, we trust, of our people, and when they return home they will be able to tell Americans that the Britisher seeks no pleasant occupation than that of showing his good-will for the people of America."

## TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE TO BE SOLD OR LET.

Somersby Manor, Lincolnshire, England, Tennyson's birthplace, is advertised to be sold or let. It is a quaintly beautiful old house, worthy the great event that immortalized it on the 6th of August, 1809. That love of county which, rightly or wrongly, often comes before love of country, is signalized in several of the poet's works. Indeed, it is not too much to say that Somersby Rectory and its immediate surroundings are commemorated in practically the whole of his earlier poems. For instance, he clearly had the rectory in his mind's eye when he wrote in the "Ode to Memory" of the

"Woods that belt the gray hillside,  
The seven elms, the poplars four  
That stand beside my father's door."

It is improbable that either the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, who was technically Vicar of Grimsby as well as Rector of Somersby, or his wife, dreamed that their son would become the greatest poet of his time. Did not his grandfather, in presenting the boy with half a sovereign as reward for a verse on the death of his grandmother, remark that "this was the last as well as the first money he would ever earn by poetry?" It was Alfred, the child of five, who, running down the garden-walk on a blowy day, exclaimed, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind!" while but a year or two later it was the flowers in the garden inspired him to write on a slate some lines that evoked from his elder brother a sincere "Yes, Alfred, you can write." In after years Tennyson owned that "Break, break, break" was penned, not "at the foot of thy crags, O sea," but "in a Lincolnshire lane at five o'clock in the morning." The Rev. Mr. Tennyson scrupled not to send his boys to the village school; though, as they grew bigger, this was exchanged for Louth Grammar School. What exquisite natural delights must the dreamy Alfred have enjoyed as he traversed the leafy lanes round the dim old rectory manor, or walked on the "ridged wolds" and "glooming flats." Said Arthur Hallam prophetically at Somersby in '32: "Fifty years hence people will make pilgrimages to this place." Here Hallam wooed Emily Tennyson; but alas! his death intervened all too speedily. That mournful event silenced Tennyson's muse for ten years, and meanwhile the family quitted Somersby—filled with memories bitter-sweet—and settled on the borders of Epping Forest. And now, as has been said, Tennyson's birthplace is advertised to be sold or let.—(See page 12.)

## IN THE SOUDAN.

The battle of Ferkeh, in the Soudan, which was fought on June 7 between the British troops and the Dervishes, was remarkable, apart from its importance and the fierceness with which it was waged, for several unusual incidents. Perhaps the most notable was the finding among the slain after the battle by Slatin Pasha of his old enemy, the famous Dervish chieftain, Emir Hammuda.

After the engagement was at an end, Slatin Pasha took two of the Dervish prisoners—one an ancient man whom he had known in his earlier days of captivity, the other a lad—and went back up into the hills and "khors" with them to revisit the principal scenes of the fighting and identify, where possible, the bodies of any among the enemy's leaders who might have fallen and not been removed when the shattered forces fled. During this grim occupation the old man rode on Slatin's horse, behind him, and refreshed the Pasha's memory, while the lad's duty was to turn over the corpses one by one that they might be recognized and identified when possible. Hammuda was found lying in the sand of a little ravine. A shell, or a rock dislodged by one, had broken in the back and side of his head, but the warrior lay calm and serene as though in sleep. Though the dead Dervish's reputation was widespread and he enjoyed great fame, he was still a young man.

Our other illustration represents a charge of the Egyptian lancers during the same battle. Twice as the Dervishes were gathering for a charge their ranks were broken. This prompt and effective work was of the greatest value.

## CANDIDATE BRYAN AS A PROPHET.

An interesting story is told of the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. He attended the Republican Convention in St. Louis in the capacity of correspondent for his own paper. At that time there had been no indication of his coming prominence or even of his presence in the race, so it caused considerable astonishment, not unmixed with amusement, when he took one of the Washington correspondents aside and said to him:

"I hear you are a delegate to Chicago from the District. I wish you'd do what you can for me."

"For what?"

"For President."

"You don't stand a chance in a million," was the reply.

"I'm going to be the nominee of this convention." And then Bryan continued his work on the report of Republican doings. The outcome has demonstrated the truth of his prediction.

## WHAT DOES HE KNOW ABOUT TIPS?

W. D. Howells, the novelist, agrees with Barber Klapetzky that the system of giving tips to cabmen, barbers and

others is un-American. When two great minds unite on a subject of such supreme importance there is little left to be said except by those vitally interested in the question. Unfortunately, the cabmen and barbers themselves are neither philosophers nor stoics. They persist in continuing in their degeneracy and accepting all the tips which they consider that a kind Providence directs their way. Mr. Klapetzky is secretary of the Barbers' International Union, and Mr. Howells has written such socialistic works as "A Traveler in Altruria."

The Liberty Dawn Association of Cab-Drivers of New York has discussed the tipping custom frequently and its members are unanimous in their support of it. Mr. Howells, seeing a point of ethics in the discussion, wrote an article for a weekly paper denouncing the system of tipping, and he was thereupon invited to defend his views before a meeting of metropolitan Jehus. More than that, it was announced that he had accepted the challenge.

But disappointment has come to them in the form of a letter from Mr. Howells, saying that he had no intention of debating the tip question when he accepted the invitation of the Liberty Dawners to attend their meeting. He says he sees, however, by the newspaper accounts that his intentions have been misconstrued. He had thought of saying a few words possibly against the giving and receiving of tips, but not to enter into a public discussion of the question.

## THE COUNTRY IS SAFE.

That is glorious news which comes to us as the solemn conviction of so serious a body as the A.M.E. Conference recently in session in Brooklyn. It will be remembered that an effort was made to obtain an indorsement of McKinley and Hobart in a report from the Committee on the State of the Country, but the movement was frowned down as unwise and the compromise report, in which it is duly set forth that "from the present outlook they (the committee) believe that the country is safe," was cheerfully accepted. But let us ask what all this means? Safe from what? And for how long? What is the danger which was supposed to have threatened us and from which we have evidently escaped? That report seems to us to be lacking something and the regret is that it was so laconic. Our A.M.E. brethren should have let us into a full knowledge of the situation beforehand. But we will forgive them for the omission, as it was only another form of expressing their faith in the United States always coming out ahead whenever there is even a suspicion of danger. For the present, then, we will accept the committee report and console ourselves for many things with the knowledge that "the country is safe."

## MUZZLE THE DOGS.

Now is the time when the mad dog becomes a menace to the community. There are hundreds of wretched mongrels, both unlicensed and unmuzzled, running round the streets with seemingly no other purpose than to promote the development of hydrophobia. The victims of these wretched animals are generally helpless children, and there are constantly occurring cases in which the little victims perish in frightful agony through the viciousness of these wretched curs. There should be laws passed in every State empowering any citizen to shoot at sight any unmuzzled or improperly muzzled dog seen loose on the public highway. As the police claim they are unable to cope with the nuisance, this would seem to be the only practical way of defending our children from horrible deaths through the carelessness of persons who keep dogs solely for their own convenience or pleasure, without any care as to the safety of their neighbors.

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### In the April Number were

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 "ALL A MATTER OF TASTE," a story of an African king who liked to eat ants.  
 "THE YOUNG WANDERERS," an illustrated story about a brother and sister who got lost.  
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 "THE STORY OF NELSON."  
 "PUZZLES FOR WISE HEADS."  
 "POPULAR PLACES OF RESORT," illustrated.  
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